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Buffalo Bill Weekly

DEVOTED TO
FAR WEST LIFE

BUFFALO BILL AND THE APACHE KID



NEW BUFFALO BILL WEEKLY

Devoted To



Far West Life

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No. 267.

NEW YORK, October 20, 1917

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Buffalo Bill and the Apache Kid: OR, PAWNEE BILL'S WINNING HAND.

By the author of "BUFFALO BILL."

CHAPTER I.

STUTTERING TOM.

Old Nomad was camped in an easy-chair on the piazza when Stuttering Tom came up the steps of the Escondo Hotel, at Teton Peaks.

"Been robbin' a pawnshop, Tut-Tommy?" the trapper demanded, as he smilingly eyed the wrinkled black clothing in which that erstwhile tattered individual had arrayed himself.

Stuttering Tom flung a glance at the men lolling at the farther end of the piazza.

"Bub-Bub-Bub-Bub——"

Nomad laughed.

"I heerd a steam kittle torkin' ter etself onct like thet, but I couldn't understand et."

Stuttering Tom whistled, snapped his fingers, and tried again:

"Bub-Bub-Bub-Buffalo Bub-Bill in there?"

"Waal, thet's better. Ther steam kittle blowed ets lid off, an' I plumb thought you war goin' ter go an' do like-wise. Yas, Tut-Tommy, Buffler is inside, mixin' friendship tork. Pawnee is with him, an' ther baron an' Little Cayuse. Layin' round hyar doin' nothin', we're all gittin' so lazy an' ornery thet et is strikin' in. Ther baron is drinkin' beer an' gittin' hogfat; Little Cayuse is fergittin' ter braid his ha'r an' w'ar his eagle feather; an's fer Buffler an' Pawnee, they're tellin' yarns o' their boyhood days, which is a shore sign of old age and failin' stren'th. Sence we hed thet rookus wi' ther Apache Kid a week er so ago, life has been hyarabouts too blame dull ter think erbout. Ef et keeps on, I'm goin' ter ketch a rattlesnake an' let et bite me, jest fer the sake of enj'yin a bit o' excitement."

"There ain't bub-been nun-nothin' heard of the Apache Kuk-Kid, I reckon?" asked the stutterer.

"Not a word, sence ther time he slipped through our net out in ther hills an' scooted into ther unknown. But ef he stays quiet long, I'll know thet he is dead. Otherwise he couldn't."

When Stuttering Tom turned and went on into the hotel the old borderman arose from his chair and followed.

"Settin' round a hotel an' doin' nothin' but feed my face makes me so rusty in my j'intz thet I cain't walk hardly," he grumbled. "Ef ther Apache Kid don't break loose erg'in, er suthin' stirrin' don't happen, ther ole man is plumb goin' ter enter inter a prematoor decline; he is so. Stagnation like this is——"

He drew up before the door of the room occupied at the moment by Buffalo Bill and his friends.

"Come in, Nomad," Buffalo Bill called. "Tom tells us that he is going into the hills."

"And we," said Pawnee, "are telling him to keep out of them. We scotched that Apache snake, you know, but we didn't kill him."

"It is my advices," said the baron, "dot our friendt here keeps away from dose hills in yedt. I am sbeaking vrom inexberience. Yaw."

From his long-stemmed pipe the baron blew a ring of smoke at the ceiling.

"Vhen he cabtured me dot time, unt susbended me by der rope der cañon in, oof idt vos nodd peen vor you, mein friendt, I vouldt haf peen dhere yedt already, meppeso. Der Apache Kid iss a tuyfel. So-o, petter you look a liddle oudt, unt stday by der hodel here."

Stuttering Tom bunked down in one of the chairs.

"Th-that's all r-r-right," he said. "I know he is as bub-bad as they mum-mum-make 'em; but you s-s-s-s-s——"

"Push ther lever an' stop the steam ingine, somebody," said Nomad; "cain't ye see thet the connection wi' ther steam box is broke?"

"You s-s-s-s-s——"

"Whistle, Tut-Tommy, an' start over again."

Stuttering Tom whistled.

"You s-s-see, I've got s-s-some things out th-there that I'm bound to have. We cuc-come away s-so quick, after we jumped the Kuk-Kid that tut-time, that I wasn't able to gug-git 'em. And nun-nun-nun——"

"Ketch yer breath an' go at et new," Nomad urged, wrinkling his homely face in a grin.

"Well, th-at's all."

"Good thing et is, fer when ye git ter goin' yer plumb runs away wi' yerself. 'Member thet time, out in thet cave in ther hills, when ye tried ter say 'Snake,' an' nigh about hissed yer head off? Ef I had a impediment like thet I'd hire a doctor."

"I think the Kuk-Kid was s-s-scared out of the cuc-country that tut-time," averred the stutterer. "We kuk-killed three of his mum-mem, ye know, and fuf-frightened the f-r-r-rest into a flutter. He's gug-gone s-s-south, toward the lul-line, is my gug-guess about it. S-s-so I think it will be safe enough."

Pawnee Bill's eyes wandered inquiringly over the black clothing.

"Nomad th-thought I r-r-robbed a pup-pup-pup-pup-pup—"

"Wow! What would ye want ter rob a pup fer?" Nomad exploded.

"Thought I r-robbed a pup-pawnshop; but I didn't. An' I dud-didn't rob a clothesline. B-but I c-c-couldn't wear the rags I bub-brought out of the hills with me, s-so I s-s-sold one of my r-revolvers and bub-blew myself for these. How d'ye lul-like 'em?"

"They looks like they had been stutterin', too."

"I'm goin' t-to try to live a s-s-straight life hereafter. The pup-pup-pup—"

"Choke ther pup!"

"The pup-people are tut-treatin' me all right, sence they don't believe any lul-longer that I am a mum-murderer what ought to be hung; and if I tut-try to be a decent mum-man I've got to have dud-decent clothes to w-wear. I've bub-borrowed a horse frum the s-s-table, and I'll ride that. I'll bub-be back to-morrow."

"Ef ther Kid don't git ye."

"I th-think it's a s-s-safe resk, er I wouldn't tut-try it. Bub-but I thought I'd run in and tell you."

"So that we could start a rescue party out on your trail, eh?" said Pawnee, joking.

"I know you would come, all right," said the stutterer; "but I know, tut-too, that you ain't gug-going to need to."

He arose from his chair and began to shake hands all round.

"Well, good-by, Cody, Pawnee, everybody. You gave me a chance, when I dud-don't think any other white men livin' would have done it; and you're going to s-see me make good. As for Nomad," he gripped the borderman's horny palm, "he's jest an old bear, an' I never mum-mind anything he says. Ye see, he's got a heart in him bigger'n a buffalo's; an' he knows that I know it, in s-s-s-s-s—"

"Great s-s-snakes, git through with et; ye're squeezin' my hand off!"

"In s-s-s-spite of what he says."

He wrung the hand so hard that tears came into Nomad's eyes.

"After thet," said the borderman, looking at his crushed fingers, "I hope ther Apache Kid gits ye; et will sarve ye right."

Stuttering Tom went on round and took the hand of the Piute.

"You're a credit to your race," he said. "I mean it."

"Tom heap big chief," returned the Piute gravely.

"Amigo mio," Nomad called, as Stuttering Tom turned toward the door, "so long as ye're p'intin' yer nose toward danger, I fergive ye. Adios."

"Adios," the stutterer flung back at the group and disappeared.

They watched him from the window, when he got his horse and rode away. He had many good qualities, and was heroically brave, and they had learned to like him.

He was making a fight for a new name at Teton Peaks. Little more than a week before he had been called the Outlaw of the Hills. Having slain a man in a quarrel, the friends of the man had tried to lynch him. Escaping, he had made the hills his refuge, and had remained there for months, in terror of his life.

Then the Apache Kid, burning for revenge, had descended on the settlement and carried away Gabe Wharton's boy. Pursued into the hills by Buffalo Bill's party, the latter had encountered Stuttering Tom, after he had

saved the life of the baron, whom the Kid had slung at the end of a rope in a cañon and left to die.

Then the stutterer had joined the scout's party, in its continued pursuit of the fiendish Apache, and in assisting in the rescue of the boy he had shown fine qualities of courage and heroism.

As a reward for this service the king of scouts had investigated the charges against him, cleared his name, and he had been permitted to return to Teton Peaks. Since that time he had been trying to make good, and was succeeding.

Watching the dust cloud kicked up by the hoofs of his horse, they talked of all this, and recounted the incidents of that perilous pursuit, when they had cornered the Kid and his followers in his wolflike lair, and had routed them, and rescued the boy.

The regrettable thing was, the Apache Kid had turned his familiar trick again, and had escaped, with all but three of his band, who had been killed in the fight.

But they had brought home Wharton's boy, sound and unharmed, and so long as the Kid did not trouble white people, no one cared to take the risk of following him.

"Et ain't likely," said Nomad, "thet Tom Kennedy"—that was the stutterer's name—"will git inter trouble. I reckon ther Kid has shore piked out fer more peaceful pastures. But all ther stuff Kennedy has got out in them hills cain't be wuth five dollars, an' he's plumb foolish to go thar ter git et. He's a quar duck, but he ain't a lame un; thar is shore good goods in him. And ef I seems ter joke him—"

He thumbed tobacco into his old brier and drew over it the flame of a match.

"If I do I reckon he considers ther source, as ther jack-ass did when ther man kicked him." He blew out a whiff of smoke. "An' he knows thet ef he war in trouble I'd break a laig ter help him."

"Yaw! Me der same," said the baron, sucking at his long-stemmed pipe. "Sduttering Tom he iss a shentle-mans,"*

CHAPTER II.

THE PIUTE AND THE EAGLE.

Avoiding the main trail and striking into the hills at a point with which he was familiar, Stuttering Tom Kennedy disappeared from the sight of the men of Teton Valley.

When more than a day had gone by after the time of his expected return, old Nomad and Pawnee Bill were out on the hogback trail, denying to themselves that Stuttering Tom had encountered the Apache Kid, yet looking about for tracks of his horse, with the dim idea of following it the next day, if he still stayed away.

Pawnee Bill, on Chick-Chick, his sleek-coated buckskin, was a fine figure of a man, strongly contrasting with the old borderman, Nick Nomad. Each was "heeled" like a battery of light artillery; for this was a dangerous country. The only noticeable difference in the equipment was that in place of the homely blades sticking in the trapper's belt, Pawnee's outfit in that line consisted of his two gold-mounted knives.

Coming to a point where the trail of the stutterer's horse showed, they drew rein. Removing his hat, as he looked at the tracks, Pawnee pulled a smoke weed out of one of the leather receptacles in its crown. Lighting the fragrant Havana, he squinted along the trail and began to follow it.

"Though he went along hyar, thar ain't no tracks showin' thet he come back," Nomad commented.

"We know that he didn't come back; but whether that fact means anything or not," said Pawnee, "is a question. I suppose, to a man who has camped out in these hills for months, a day or so isn't worth counting. Of course, I'm not going to acknowledge that I'm anxious about him."

The hogback trail wound roughly on, and came out on the brink of a cañon.

*For the story of Stuttering Tom and the rescue of Gabe Wharton's boy, from the terrible Apache Kid, see last week's issue, "Buffalo Bill and the Red Renegade; or, Pawnee Bill and the Outlaw of the Hills."

Here Chick-Chick snorted suspiciously and backed. Pawnee Bill was humming a song, and he did not break it:

"The Kiowas thought they had him,
When they corralled him on the hill;
But they had some guesses coming—
For his other name was Bill."

He blew out a ring of smoke and looked into the cañon. Old Hide-rack, Nomad's horse, was dancing now with Chick-Chick.

"Injuns er b'ars," said the trapper, shading his eyes with his hand and peering. "This ole animile is thet pizen knowin' he won't go nigh either of 'em. Which is et, Pawnee?"

"Call me a Siwash if I know what it means, Nomad," Pawnee responded. "Thinking of the Kid, of course, makes me suspicious that he may be hanging 'round."

He smoked and looked and hummed snatches of his song:

"For his pistols shook their bullets,
And then he used his gun;
And instead of getting Cody,
The reds were on the run."

He drove the dancing buckskin on, with light touches of the spurs.

Then a call came out of the depths.

"Call me a greaser," he muttered, bending to listen; "if I didn't know that Little Cayuse was at Teton Peaks I'd say that was his call! It was a distress call, too."

"An' from an Injun," said Nomad. "Only, I cain't prezackly place et. Seems ter come out er ther cañon, an' likewise outer ther air."

Standing up in his big stirrups, Pawnee Bill sent a wavering cry in return.

"Whoever ye aire, an' whoever ye be," squalled Nomad, "whoop et up, so's we can git a line on ye."

"That's good advice, if——"

He replaced the cigar between his lips.

"If," he said slowly, "it isn't the Apache Kid. If he is calling, you can be sure he knows we are here, and is up to mischief."

He still urged Chick-Chick on, and again called, a few moments later.

A reply drifted to them, and in a little while they were sure that it came out of the cañon.

Drawing rein there, Pawnee Bill looked into the dark depths of the cañon and called again. The reply was the crack of a rifle. Nomad pulled Hide-rack back with a strong hand.

"Waugh!" he snorted. "Looks like——"

The rifle cracked again, and a splinter flew from a rock near by.

"It's a raw blazer of a play, if he is shooting at us," said Pawnee, taking the stogie from between his lips.

"Mebbeso he's shootin' at ther rocks—huh!" was the indignant snort of the borderman. "Ther Kid is down thar, an' he's got a line on us. I move thet we fly out o' hyar."

Instead of drawing back, Pawnee Bill bent his head in a listening attitude; then he called again.

"You're waitin' ter pack lead, Pawnee," Nomad grumbled. "Thet will jest tell him whar ter locate ye."

"Perhaps," said Pawnee dryly. "But doesn't it occur to you, old Diamond, that if that is the Apache Kid he has shown mighty poor judgment in locating his ambush?"

"He'd be whar he c'd bushwhack us easier?"

"Now you're hitting it. The Apache Kid would lie out here alongside the trail, where he could see us plain when he pulled trigger; he wouldn't burrow in a black hole like that and shoot wild."

"Waal, mebbeso, I——"

A call came again, out of the depths.

"Who is down there?" Pawnee Bill demanded.

"An' don't answer wi' bullets," Nomad growled.

There was an answer in words, but it was unintelligible. Yet the voice was unmistakably like that of the Piute.

"Is that you, Little Cayuse?" Pawnee shouted.

"Ai!"

The answer floated clear and strong.

"Waugh! A trick!" warned the borderman. "Ther Piute is at Teton Peaks. Thet Injun down thar is shore tryin' ter buffalo us, Pawnee."

"The Piute was at Teton Peaks. Looks to me like he is here now. But how he got down there is a puzzle that gives me the razzle-dazzles. There must be a place somewhere along here where he could go down without falling, but my eagle glances don't discover it at this minute."

As he drew Chick-Chick back from the cañon's rim the wavering yell they had first heard came again.

"Sounds like the whistle of a bull elk, only it isn't," said the big fellow, restoring the weed and beginning to smoke up. "And there it comes again. Strikes me that if Little Cayuse is making all that war music he realizes that he is in a tight place, and is afraid we are going to desert him. Which shows that he didn't recognize our voices. It is pretty deep down there, Nomad."

When the yell came again he answered it:

"E-e-ee-yah!" High and resonant it floated, and was flung back by the rocks and the hills.

"He got that," he said, and urged Chick-Chick along the cañon trail, looking for a spot where a descent might be made.

The rifle cracked once more in the depths.

Presently Pawnee Bill found the thing he was looking for—a place where the cañon rim had crumbled away, and had fallen in scattered blocks of granite. The descent was still fearfully steep, but by making use of the boulders and rocks one might, Pawnee saw, get down into the cañon here.

"I'm going down," he said, "and I'll need your rope, as well as my own. Some one is down there in trouble; it is an Indian, and I think it is Little Cayuse. But to prevent any slip-up, you'd better stay right here with the horses. If I yell to you that I'm in trouble, you can come down, too; but in that case, look out. But I'll tip you the right kind of a warning, unless I'm knocked out."

He threw a leg over and slid out of the saddle.

"There goes that call again," he said, "and now it is the rifle. Little Cayuse is sure burning gunpowder."

But, following the rifle shot, there sounded a scream, choked yet penetrating. It did not sound like Little Cayuse—it did not even seem human. Right on top of the scream the rifle barked again.

"Waugh!" Nomad gulped. He turned to Pawnee. "What does yer make of et?"

The scream came again, a sort of shrill screech.

"Elegant place, that, for any kind of happening, Nomad. The way to find out what it means is to go down."

He ran the reata coils through his hands and got them ready. The borderman swung out of his saddle.

"Et's all right ter say, 'Stay hyar,' Pawnee. But I ain't goin' ter. Mebbe thar's redskins down thar, an' mebbeso et is sperets o' dead men, er whiskizos; but whatever——"

He turned the horses loose and dropped down the crevasse at the heels of Pawnee Bill.

It was a troublesome descent. Time and again they saved themselves from headlong falls only by bringing up against a boulder. Débris and loosened soil showered down into the cañon ahead of them. Once again they heard the scream, and once again a quavering call; but the report of the rifle no longer reached them.

When they gained the bottom of the cañon they still saw nothing. Therefore, Pawnee Bill called:

"Little Cayuse!"

"Ai," came the answer.

"Waugh! Et seems ter be him."

"Where are you, Little Cayuse?"

"All same here," was the reply.

"Keep calling, so we can locate you. It's dark as a nigger's pocket down here. What has happened to you?"

"Me make um fall, Pawnee."

"Well, we'll reach you in a minute or so. Just continue that yelping, will you?"

Pawnee noosed a splinter of rock ahead of him, where he saw a hole, and swung down into the hole.

"There's a little box cañon down here, Nomad," he said. "Get the end of the rope now; it's coming back to you."

He tied a stone to the end, flung it within reach of the trapper's hand, and Nomad came down. As he had already discovered that he would now need both ropes, Pawnee gave a wavering jerk. As a result a wavelike motion ran up the rope and snapped it off the rock splinter.

"Thet's shore manipilatin' a rope like I has seldom seen et done before, son," said Nomad, filled with admiration, for it was a clever trick. "One er these hyar days some show person is goin' ter offer ye more money than's good fer ye, jest ter git ye to go round exhibitin' ther like o' thet."

Pawnee Bill laughed.

"I don't mind confession to you, old Diamond, that I spent a good many years perfecting little things of that kind. But they come in handy in times like these, eh? Now we'll go down and see what is happening to the Piute."

"I'm bettin' he has fell in hyar an' broke a laig. Still, thet wouldn't account fer thet devil's screech we heerd."

"It wouldn't, Nomad; that sounded some queer and perplexing. But we're going to learn all about it soon now."

"Ef we don't go under tryin'."

Pawnee slid an end of the rope down into the cañon, hooked on the other, and when both were over, he went down with a sliding motion. As he did so that unearthly screech broke on the air again, this time accompanied by a yell of terror from the Piute.

Nomad fairly fell down the rope and piked after Pawnee Bill, who had leaped off into the darkness regardless of the danger of broken limbs.

When they came in sight of the Piute, the mystery, much of it, was revealed. A gigantic eagle was attacking the Indian boy, and he was putting up a vigorous fight against it.

Pawnee Bill unsheathed one of his knives when he saw the situation.

"Knife the thing," he shouted to the Piute.

The Piute was swinging his rifle, striking at the angry bird. Its scream rose again, angrier and harsher. Leaving the Piute, it came fluttering at the head of Pawnee Bill. Then he saw that it was wounded; one wing had been hurt, and its flight was not a flight strictly, but a series of infuriated leaps.

Twice the big bird came at Pawnee Bill, while he maneuvered for an effective blow. Then the knife shot out, glittering its gold and steel even in the dark depths of the cañon, and the eagle came down, striking heavily in the bottom of the box cañon.

A Piute whoop of triumph resounded.

"Waugh!" Nomad roared. "I reckon ye killed et, Pawnee."

Pawnee Bill, rushing to the Piute, discovered that he was bleeding in a dozen places, where the great bird had raked and clawed him; but otherwise he was not injured. Nomad came up at a lumbering gallop.

"Waugh!" he bellowed, glaring round. "How'd ye git in hyar, Cayuse, anyhow, when ye ought ter be this minute at Teton Peaks?"

"Little Cayuse fall in."

"Wow! Frum ther top thar, an' et didn't bust ye? War ye tryin' ter gether eagle eggs?"

"Tryin' git um eagle," said the Piute.

"So's ye could have a ton o' feathers ter braid inter yer midnight ha'r? You're gittin' ther hawg habit."

"Try git um talk paper."

Pawnee Bill took Little Cayuse in hand.

"Tell us all about it," he said. "That's the best way, and generally the quickest."

"Ai."

"But about the talk paper?"

Little Cayuse glanced at the eagle, which lay at a distance below him, no longer fluttering.

"Him dead now," he said. "Me git um talk paper."

He sprang down. When he returned he held up the knife that had drunk the life of the enraged bird, and also a paper folded and tied with buckskin.

"You read um," he said, handing knife and paper to Pawnee.

Pawnee Bill slit the buckskin, unrolled the paper, then

scratched a match, as he needed more than the natural light to read by in that place.

"Old Diamond, listen to this," he said, a jerk of excitement in his voice.

Then he read:

"To BUFFALO BILL:

"The Kid has got me.

TOM KENNEDY."

Nomad whooped his amazement.

"That's plain enough," said Pawnee. "Now we'll let the Piute tell his story. Sit down there, Cayuse, and take a pull at this, with something to eat. You've lost blood, and you're weak as water."

He produced a flask of liquor and dug out of his war bag a strip of dried beef and some broken crackers.

The Piute pointed the bottom of the flask at the strip of blue sky visible at the top of the cañon walls. He was gasping and strangling when Pawnee Bill pulled it away.

"The taste of an Indian for fire water is enough to make the world weep," he commented. "Try the meat and the crackers now."

They vanished magically.

"Pawnee heap big chief," said the Piute.

"You do me proud, Little Cayuse. But we're aching for information, rather than compliments."

"You see um rope," said the Piute, pointing to his own rope, hanging against the cañon wall, high above his head, where there was a strip of shelf. "Mebbeso one hour, mebbeso two hour ago, me ride caballo 'long top side cañon. Mego look for trail Stutter Tom."

"Wow! Ye did?" said Nomad. "Waal, thet's what we war doin'."

"Little Cayuse think mebbeso Apache Kid got um Stutter Tom. Two days Stutter Tom gone."

"Three days," Nomad corrected. "Thet is, et is goin' onto three days now."

"So me take Navi and go look Stutter Tom trail. Up there," he swung a gashed and blood-stained brown hand, "me find um. Trail bimeby vamore. Ugh! Me no can find."

He gesticulated.

"While me make um pasear on caballo, eagle make um scream. Come by me pronto. But heap wounded in wing. When try fly up cañon eagle make um fall. Whoosh! Go down in cañon. But me see um talk paper tied round um neck. Me like git um talk paper, take um Pa-e-has-ka."

"So you followed the eagle into the cañon?"

"Wuh!"

"What did ye do," asked Nomad, "wi' yer caballo?"

"Leave um Navi by trail; take rope, climb down in cañon. Git down here." He pointed to the shelf, where the end of his rope was to be seen.

"Ye got down that fur. Then what?"

"Eagle come. Whoosh! Eagle make heap big fight. Strike Little Cayuse here—strike here." He pointed to the red rakes on his arms and chest. "Knock Little Cayuse from shelf, down here."

"So the eagle made you fall from the rope," said Pawnee; "and then you couldn't get up to it again. And I suppose the bird kept fluttering at you?"

"Eagle all time make heap big fight," explained the Piute. "Me shoot um rifle, but no can hit; shoot again, no can hit; eagle not stay still long enough to shoot um. Make 'nother scratches." He pointed to other red rakes on his arms and body.

"Ther critter war shore givin' ye a lively seance," said Nomad, deeply interested. "Couldn't ye knife et?"

"No can do," admitted the Piute; "no can shoot um, no can knife um. Make heap big fight. Then Little Cayuse call loud; think mebbeso somebody come along trail, hear um loud call. Nobody come. Ugh!"

He glanced at the dead eagle.

"Pawnee heap big brave," he said. "Heap big medicine knife. Mucho fine."

He began to straighten out the tangled braid of his hair, smoothed down his rumpled buckskins, and settled his warrior's plume in place.

"Pawnee and Nomad not come, Little Cayuse not see daylight any more. No can get out. Stutter Tom, paper

talk say, all same Apache Kid ketch um. Very bad for Stutter Tom."

He took a step toward the eagle.

"Where um Pa-e-has-ka?" he asked, swinging round.

"Down at ther hotel, estin' easy in his mind," answered Nomad. "But he'll be ready ter jump when he gits this bit of news."

Pawnee Bill read the note again and tucked it away in his pocket.

"I don't know how Kennedy got this note tied to the neck of an eagle," he remarked, "nor how he expected us to get it even then. But it proves that our fears weren't astray when we advised him not to come out here."

"Heap big job for Pa-e-has-ka now," said the Piute.

There was a trickle of water at the bottom of the box cañon, and instead of going over to the eagle, he stooped by the water and began to wash off the bloodstains.

Having washed and cleansed the scratches, he revenged himself on the eagle by taking its plumes; he had a handful, when he had selected the choicest.

"Enough feathers thar ter make an Injun devil out o' ye, er a medicine man," grunted Nomad. "Hope ye ain't goin' ter w'ar all o' them ter onct."

"Mebbeso sell um to Injun," the Piute informed him.

"Me keep um those." He picked out several of the choicest.

"You're about the cutest trick that ever toted a scalp-lock," Pawnee laughed. "You couldn't make a guess as to the direction the eagle had come from?"

"Naw, Pawnee. Eagle sail round like buzzard—wing hurt."

"Bring him up here so we can look at that injured wing."

The Piute hopped down and dragged the eagle to the higher level. The right wing had been injured close to the joint, and then had buckled, no doubt, when the suck of the cañon breeze had struck it. This seemed evident from the fact that a partial break was recent, while the wound itself was so old that the blood from it had dried on the feathers.

The three inspected the body of the eagle carefully. It was a young bird, though now fully grown. Its pinfeathers and the soft scales of its legs were proof. Where the buckskin had been round its neck the feathers were worn, yet not in a manner to indicate that burdens of that kind had ever been attached there before.

"However this Kennedy person got hold of et, ter tie a packet ter ets neck, gits away frum my understandin'," Nomad confessed. "Yet he shore done et, as we has ther proof. And ther said letter p'intedly declares thet ther Kid has got him. I reckon, Pawnee, that we'd better climb out er hyar and rack to Teton Peaks wi' ther news fur Buffler. Et will start things ter millin'. We come out kinder huntin' fer facts ter show thet Stutterin' Tom had bumped inter ther Kid, and we has corraled 'em a heap plenty and p'inted."

"Him mighty big job," averred the Piute.

"I reckon yer right, Cayuse; et's goin' ter be a heap big job, ef we gits thet Kennedy person away frum ther Kid, alive an' kickin'."

"There are no jobs too big for Cody," said Pawnee. "When he gets worked up and hits the war trail, it's no good saying 'Wi-co-ka-wo'—"you can't do it"—"to him. You know that, both of you."

He settled in place the knife that had served the Piute so well, after cleansing it in the water; then stepped toward the double rope dangling against the box-cañon wall.

"We'll have to reach that shelf to get your lariat," he said to Little Cayuse. "But if you go up our ropes, you can shin along the face of the wall here, and work the trick all right. There will be no eagle to knock you off, and you can climb up easy. Come along; there's no good staying here longer."

Little Cayuse swung up the ropes and executed the maneuver Pawnee Bill had outlined for him; then he worked on to the top of the cañon wall, while they proceeded by the route they had descended.

It was a long and hard climb out of the cañon, but they made it, and stood at last on the rim above, where the trail clung.

Chick-Chick and Hide-rack were waiting at the point

where they had been left. Navi's tracks showed, farther on, and the Piute set out to find him. In a little while he came back, riding the handsome pinto.

"Now we fan for the Teton Peaks," said Pawnee.

Away they went, round the cañon's rim, then along the trail leading downward toward the Teton Valley.

CHAPTER III.

THE APACHE KID STRIKES.

As the three riders from the hills dropped from their saddles before the Escondo Hotel, bursting with news for Buffalo Bill, another rider broke through the gathering haze, coming from southward.

He was a thin, small man, garbed like a farmer, and he rode a blown horse. Seeing the trio who had dismounted, he eyed them.

"You're Buffalo Bill, eh?" he said, speaking to Pawnee.

"Your ropes goes rather high for me, stranger," was the answer. "But I'm a friend of his. I think he is in the hotel here."

"I heard he was here, and I came looking for him. I got news for him if you'll show me where he is."

"Take our animals to the stables and see that they're well treated," Pawnee ordered, tossing a piece of silver to the Mexican boy who had come out to get the horses.

He turned to the rider.

"Let me send your horse there, too," he urged. He saw that the horse needed feed and rest.

"I don't care if you do," said the man, yielding his horse to the boy. "If I go right back, I reckon I'll need another."

He followed the trio into the hotel, and was led by them up to the room of Buffalo Bill, into which he was shown, after Pawnee had knocked on the door and had been told by the scout to enter.

"News," said Pawnee, drawing out the note taken from the neck of the eagle.

"If't ain't too important, I'd like to git mine in first," said the man, looking at the scout, who had risen. "I don't allow that any other can be more important. Indians attacked my wagons, out beyond Silver Springs, this mornin', killed all my horses but this one what I rode in here, slaughtered some of my men, and then got out with the others, and a girl."

"A girl!" said the scout.

"Them they took was Indian drivers, and the girl had some red blood. It was because the drivers were Indians that the attacking reds didn't kill 'em, I reckon. They didn't kill me, because when the attack came I was out of the camp, on that horse; and I made my get-away. They chased me, but I beat 'em out."

"Do you know what Indians they were—what tribe?"

"No, I don't. But after I shook 'em, I back-tracked, until I came in sight of the camp again, when they had gone. After makin' sure they wasn't hangin' round, I rode up to it. They had set the wagons on fire, and everything was burnin' that they hadn't been able to carry off. I had a big stock of provisions and everything. You see, I was takin' out a lot of stuff for the ranch I intended startin', down in the Silver Springs basin; I had everything—flour, meat, provisions, and groceries of all kinds—enough to stock up for three months or more, for a considerable ranch. Well, they took all of it."

"There must have been a large party."

"More than a dozen of the reds, and they had a band of ponies with 'em. Looking the ground over, I saw their trail when they had left, and though I ain't no great shakes at such things, I could see that the ponies had gone away loaded by the manner in which their hoofs cut into the ground. As I said, what the reds couldn't pack off they burned."

He let his hand wander into a pocket, and brought out a number of small articles—an eagle feather, a box of pigment, dyed porcupine quills, and empty cartridge cases. These he extended on the palm of his hand.

"I found them in pokin' round the fire; I reckon the Indians dropped them."

Buffalo Bill took the articles for inspection.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, and held them up.

"I didn't know," suggested the man, "but you could

mebbe git an idee as to who they was, by lookin' at them articles."

"The work of the Apache Kid," said the scout.

"Waugh!" Nomad rumbled. "I has seen porkypine quills jest like them, an' ther Kid war w'arin' 'em. But thet eagle feather, Buffler, is San Carlos."

Buffalo Bill pulled a letter from his pocket.

"I got this while you were away," he explained. "It came down from Fort Grant, by the hand of Lieutenant Breeze. He rode two days and nights to deliver it. He has gone on south now, to warn the miners and settlers down there."

He read the letter, from the colonel in command at the post:

"MY DEAR CODY:

"A dozen San Carlos braves have deserted the reservation, taking with them blankets and ponies, and have gone southward, in your direction. Among them is a medicine man. I look for reports of trouble, and send this to warn you. You will know what action to take. Lieutenant Breeze will spread the news as far as he can, and will send out couriers. Though no one can tell, it is my opinion that the San Carlos will break for the Mexican line. If you find that they are doing so, organize a force, if it is necessary, and try to head them off and turn them back. I have wired Washington for instructions, but so far have got no reply.

"Hoping the break will amount to nothing, I am,

"Very truly yours,

"E. L. BLAKE,
"Colonel in Command."

Nomad roared again.

"Thet accounts fer ther San Carlos eagle feather. And this hyar box o' paint; thet is San Carlos, too."

"Your guesses are right, Nomad; we know now that the San Carlos have joined the Apache Kid. We'll have to look into this at once. I was only delaying here until you returned; but I'm glad I did, as it has brought this report in from Silver Springs, and we know where to begin work now."

"You'll go right away?" said the man who had come in from the Springs.

Buffalo Bill had been glancing inquiringly at the scratches on the arms and face of Little Cayuse, and at the eagle feathers he carried.

"Cody will go, all right," Pawnee Bill declared to the stranger, who had given his name as Jim Jasper. "A story like that always hits him hard. We've got a report here, too, that will interest him mightily, and fits right into yours, I think."

"I can see," said the scout, "that Cayuse has been in a scrap."

"Looks like he'd been chicken fightin' with a rooster," laughed Nomad, "an' no mistake; only et war wuss."

"Ai, Pa-e-has-ka," said Little Cayuse; "all same fight um eagle."

He proudly displayed his handful of eagle feathers.

"You can get up a headdress now that will sure soften the heart of that Tonto beauty you were interested in a week or so ago," said the scout, smiling. "Where did you get the feathers?"

"Pawnee medicine knife kill um eagle."

"I guess you'll have to untangle the kinks in the rope, Pawnee," the scout invited.

"It's just what I've been waiting for a chance to do, necarnis."

Forthwith the big fellow launched into his story of the discovery of Little Cayuse in the bottom of the box cañon.

Before he had concluded he produced and passed to the scout the note from Stuttering Tom that had been found tied about the eagle's neck.

"The Apache Kid again!" said the scout. "That cañon is fifty miles from the Silver Springs, where the wagon was attacked. Yet because the eagle was found there does not necessarily indicate that it was freed near that place with this note."

He reread the note, puzzling over it.

"The queer thing," he said, "about this is that Stuttering Tom could have placed it on the neck of the eagle, when he acknowledges here that he was held as a pris-

oner by the Kid. But of course we can't solve that puzzle now."

"My idee is," said Nomad, "thet ther eagle was shot—wing-tipped, ye know—and that brought et down; after which Tut-Tom managed ter hook thet letter to et. Thar's shore holes in thet reasonin', I know, but thet's ther only way I kin seem ter make et work out."

"Eagle hurt um wing over cañon," explained the Piute, "then fall in cañon. Me go down git um letter."

"An' then ther critter knocked ye off ther shelf; and bercause ye couldn't git back to yer rope, ye stayed thar, wi' ther critter jabbin' at yer eyes jest ter make things interestin'. Frum ther way ye squalled, Cayuse, I reckon thar war shore a plumb skeered redskin down in thet cañon about ther time me an' Pawnee come erlong thar."

"Little Cayuse heap scared," the Piute admitted. "But," he held up the feathers, "me now can make um war dance."

A smile sat on his scratched, brown face.

"Give er red a lot o' feathers," commented Nomad, "an' he's plumb as happy as a cat lappin' new milk. Ef ye hit et up wi' ther right redskins, Cayuse, ye can sell enough o' them to buy ye a new rifle, an' have plenty feathers to spar'."

"Me got heap good rifle now," said the Piute scornfully. "Mucho fine rifle. Sell feather—buy um new mocasin, new blanket, plenty heap war paint."

"Wow! You're plumb pizen."

Pawnee Bill had continued his talk with Buffalo Bill and with Jim Jasper.

"It's too big a job for you to pike back to the Springs again to-night, Pard Jasper," the scout declared, noting the weakness and pallor of the man, who had been exhausted by his long ride, "and I don't see that it is needed. We'll get ready, and right after supper we'll start. I've got orders, you see, to look out for the San Carlos renegades; here is your call; and Stuttering Tom is in the hands of the Kid. All that points to a lot of warm work; but I can see right from here that when we strike one trail we're striking all three. So, as the trail at the Springs is big and wide, according to your account, we'll hit it there, and then follow it up to the jumping-off place."

"And it is a fortunate thing, Jasper," added Pawnee, "that you haven't got a lot of folks captured, for you to be eating your heart out about while we are gone. I'd advise you not to go on to that ranch you have located, or trouble about it, until those San Carlos are bunched and put back on their reservation. If they should jump down on you there from the hills, you might not get away the next time."

"It's good advice you're giving me," Jasper admitted. "Still—"

"You don't want to take it?"

"Seems to me that as it is my property that was burned and run off, it is my place to do my part in whacking at the reds that done it; that's all."

"We'll do the whacking," said Pawnee Bill. "You stay right here and rest up. If any of your things that were carried off can be found we'll deliver them to you here; but I'm free to say that I wouldn't borrow any money on the chance that you'll ever see them again. Sorry to say so, Jasper, but that's the way it looks now."

Jasper went into further details of the Indian attack while they waited for supper.

After supper he saw Buffalo Bill's party take horse and ride away for the Silver Springs.

"Adios!" Buffalo Bill called to him at parting. "Keep your heart warm. We'll do the best we can for you."

"Adios!" he called in return, and saw them fade into the darkness.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CAPTURE OF STUTTERING TOM.

Stuttering Tom had gone forth convinced that the Apache Kid had deserted that part of the country. Mounting to the trail on the high ridge known as the hog-back, he had ambled along contentedly, filled with the pleasant thought that life was opening rosily for him again.

For months he had lain in those hills as a fugitive, and

because he had to live, he had twice descended on unfortunate foot travelers and taken from them supplies and ammunition for his rifle. These brigandish expeditions, with his flight from the vigilantes, had given him the name of the Outlaw of the Hills.

But through the intercessions of Buffalo Bill, when the latter returned to Teton Peaks, these things were not brought up against him, and he was given to understand that if henceforth he conducted himself in an honorable manner the slate against him would be wiped clean.

"I've learned the names of the men that I took the things from," he reflected, as he rode along, "and I'll pay 'em back, every dollar. All I want is a little time in which to earn the money. Cody is shore the whitest man that ever hit this belt of the earth, and he is my friend forever."

His new happiness and sense of freedom burst forth in snatches of song, though his ability in that line was far from remarkable.

At the end of the hogback trail, where it frayed out into a rocky footpath, he turned his horse loose, not doubting that he could catch it on his return. Near by was low ground, with grass and water, from which it was not likely to stray far.

The rocky path, dipping down into the broken cañon, was familiar to him, and he went down with practiced ease. Now and then, when he needed to use his rope, he did it skillfully.

Two hours of hard work and rough climbing brought him out on the rim of a wide chasm, or cañon, where so long he had made his home. The spot seemed almost inaccessible, and because of that, and certain cavelike holes he had found in the cañon walls, he had hidden away there while he thought himself much wanted.

Instead of descending at once to the holes where were some of the few belongings he desired to remove, he squatted on the weathered rocks and looked about, musing on the quick change that had come to him.

As he did so a big bird came fluttering down from a notched peak and dropped to the rocks at his side. Kennedy's mouth expanded in a pleased grin.

"Hello, old Bub-Baldy!" he said. "You've cuc-come to pay me a visit, heh? Well, th-that's gug-good of you. You was the only fuf-friend I had in the w-world fuf-for a gug-good while, and I'll nun-never forget it."

The bird—it was an eagle—edged nearer, and he stroked it on the wings.

"You're a fuf-fine bird," said the stutterer; "fuf-finest ever. Mebbe you th-think you'd lul-like to go to the town with me an' live. Well, I'll be t-tarnal glad to tut-take you; won't sus-seem so lonesome there, with you along. Yes, you're a fuf-fine bird."

When it came still closer he took it in his arms, and sat talking to it in the warm sunshine that blazed full on the high rim of the cañon.

He recalled the time when he had found it, a nestling, and had taken it to his cave, where he had reared it, with infinite difficulty. That was but a few months before; so it was still young.

"I did-don't know but it was you th-that kept me from going c-crazy that time, Bub-Baldy," he declared affectionately; "yes, I reckon that was what you dud-did for me."

The big, handsome bird nestled against him as he stroked it.

"And once you dud-did a fine thing for me, that mum-maybe you don't remember, but I will always. I was starvin' that tut-time, ye know, in the hole down there; ammunition all gone, and no gug-game, with nun-nothing to shoot it with. And you f-flopped down into the hole with a s-s-sage rabbit, jest as if you understood. I ain't s-s-sure bub-but you did, too. That was fuf-fine of you, Baldy; it shore was mum-mighty fine."

For half an hour the big bird nestled in his arms, while he talked to it. Then he set it on his shoulders, and, dropping the noose of his rope over a point of rock, he descended thus to the cave.

This was a mere hole in the face of the cañon wall, but after entering, it enlarged to the size of a small room. There were others near like it, probably burrowed out

by ancient cliff dwellers, and used by them as refuges from their enemies. Kennedy had discovered the caves by accident, and they had served him well.

Taking the eagle into the cave with him, he set it on a projection of rock, fed it some food scraps he found in the room, and talked to it as he gathered the few things he meant to carry away.

He did not hurry. This hole had been his home so long that he liked to linger in it, and was almost reluctant to leave it. He had decided to take the eagle, and he packed his belongings with that end in view.

While he tarried he was startled by the dropping of a pebble from the cañon rim; it shot past the opening and fell with a clatter as it rebounded from one of the walls.

Stuttering Tom knew that either a human being or an animal had set the pebble in motion; there was no wind blowing. Glancing across, he saw that the aspen on the top of the other wall was fluttering not a single leaf.

"The Apache Kid, mebbe," was his thought. "If it is, he saw me, and has slipped up on me."

Tiptoeing to the narrow entrance, he looked out. Unable to see anything, he stepped out cautiously to the shelf in front of the hole. An arrow whistled by his head, and he ducked back.

"Indians," he whispered, in a panic. "And th-that means the Apache Kid!"

He strapped his bundle to his back with fingers that shook, and put his rifle with it; then caught up the eagle. He had his rope with him, a double one in length, and dropped an end off the ledge, working with stealthy celerity. If he could get down into the cañon he thought he might yet escape.

When he darted out of the hole and swung over on the rope he had fastened, another arrow came flirting down; but it missed him, and the next moment the lip of the shelf served to screen him from the bowman.

The eagle sat serenely on his shoulder as he swiftly lowered himself. Believing that the Indians were all at the top of the cañon, he was planning how he could dodge them, when the eagle screamed and fluttered from his shoulder.

Glancing down, Kennedy was in time to see a head feather dip out of sight in the recesses below him.

"They're there, too!" he gasped.

He began to climb back as fast as he had gone down. Panting, he regained the shelf, dodged another arrow, and slid into the hole like a disappearing snake.

The eagle fluttered over from the opposite cañon wall, settled on the shelf, then hopped through the opening. Another arrow fluttered downward.

Following the arrow, a yell lifted in the cañon; and then others answered from the rim. Knowing they had been seen by him, the Apaches had now abandoned their stealthy attempts.

The stutterer sat within the entrance of the cave, staring out into the cañon, listening, while his trembling hands gripped his rifle. Sweat came out on his face.

"They recognized me, in spite of these bub-black clothes, just as you did, Baldy," he said.

It was a peculiarity of Kennedy's vocal impediment that when he was scared or excited he stuttered very little, or none at all; excitement loosened the tied cords, or made the brain forget, and he spoke rapidly and easily.

"I guess they've got me, Baldy," he whispered, as he listened to the yells. "Indians above and below; and—there goes one off on the other side. They're getting over there, so they can shoot me when I show myself. This is a good hole to hide in, but it's a hard one to get out of, when foes are watchin' it. I reckon I'm sewed up here. And no chance to get word to anybody."

A suggestion came to him, and he looked at the eagle. Poised on the rock where it had so often perched, its wings fluttered angrily, and it emitted a scream.

"You don't like Indians any better than I do. Or is that jest the result of excitement? If I should pitch you out there, I wonder if you w-would hover r-round, or would you fly away? Twon't dud-do no harm to try it."

He pulled from a pocket of the wrinkled black coat a new notebook, in which he had set down the cost of some recent purchases, and fished out a pencil. Then he wrote

the note, which was afterward found on the neck of the eagle:

"To BUFFALO BILL:

"The Kid has got me.

"TOM KENNEDY. (STUTTERING TOM.)"

Finding a buckskin cord on one of his shelves, Kennedy doubled the note into a flat package, tied it, and fastened it to the neck of the eagle with the buckskin.

"Bub-Baldy," he said, his voice tremulous, "I don't s'pose there's one chance in a thousand that Cody will ever see this writin'; and it's a pity to send ye out this way, for some rifleman to crack at when he notices this packet on your neck. But I'm in a bad box, Bub-Baldy, and I got to do it; I got to try to save my neck, if I can. If I can hold up until Bub-Buffalo Bill can get here, if he sees the letter, there'd bub-be a show for me."

His voice choked as he took the eagle in his arms, after tying the letter to it, and it nestled against him. But he bore it to the entrance remorselessly, and there gave it a toss that sent it fluttering out into the cañon.

The Indians on the rim above whooped when they saw it, and those below threw the whoops back like an echo. The eagle seemed bewildered. Twice it circled round, flying heavily, and appeared to be on the point of returning to the hole in the rock. Instead, it fluttered finally to a crag on the opposite rim, and settled there, screaming.

It had scarcely folded its wings when a rifle cracked from the cañon's rim. The Apache Kid was up there himself, and his keen eyes had noted that something was tied to the eagle's neck. So he pulled his rifle down on the noble bird and sent a bullet.

Compared with white men, few Indians are skillful with a rifle, and the Apache Kid was no exception. Hence, though the eagle offered a fair target, the bullet did no more than give it a slight wing clip.

It screamed, and rose with a flutter, showing that it had been hit. But it did not fall, and after swinging round in a bewildered way it rose to the top of the cañon wall and disappeared, going toward the east.

Stuttering Tom watched its flight, muttering a prayer.

"Go!" he whispered. "You're started right; but—I'm afraid you'll not keep it up."

He pulled his rifle to the entrance, and with it held between his knees, he squatted there through the hours of the afternoon, listening. He anticipated an attempt to get at him, and was prepared to meet it.

Before nightfall all sounds and signs of Indians had failed. Yet the watcher in the hole on the face of the cañon wall was not deceived thereby. He knew that sharp black eyes were watching that hole from every point of advantage, and brown fingers were ready to speed a bullet at him if he appeared in sight.

When night came down he could not hope that the relentless Apaches had gone away—he knew them too well. But he decided, nevertheless, to try to escape in the darkness. He really pinned no faith to the message borne by the eagle—the chances seemed too remote.

Through the long hours of the darkness no sounds of his foes reached him. Through the cañon rift above he could see the stars, but within the cañon darkness as well as silence reigned. When midnight had passed he crawled over the edge of the hole and let himself down softly.

But as he reached the bottom and his feet felt about for the solid rock there, his legs were seized, and he was thrown down violently.

"Ah! You thought we were asleep, or gone away; but I never sleep."

It was the voice of the terrible Apache Kid sounding in his stunned ears.

CHAPTER V.

THE TERRIBLE KID.

On the high cliffs above, as day broke brilliantly and the sunrise burned like fire off in the east, the Apache Kid and his followers camped with their prisoner.

The Kid was in a talkative mood, and not ill-humored. Some whisky had been seized in a recent raid made by the San Carlos braves who had joined him the day before, and it warmed into geniality the cockles of his evil heart.

So he talked and boasted as he pulled strips of spitted deer meat out of the camp fire and ate his breakfast. He was painted and feathered. One black, shining eye looked straight at the prisoner, the other turned downward and inward in a queer droop, which made his painted face extremely sinister in its expression. Beaded moccasins were on his feet, and on his legs leggings of deerskin ornamented with quills and fringes of leather. His hair, grown long again, hung in a shiny braid down his back, the end of the braid tied with threads of red cotton; and a red-flannel headband supported his tossing eagle feathers.

Viewing him in his savage pomp and pride, no one not conversant with his history could have dreamed that the Apache Kid had been not only a student at Carlisle, but had been on the Carlisle football team, and at various times had charged the opposing lines at Yale, Princeton, and Harvard. He spoke English like a white man, and was wise in many of the white men's ways.

Yet here he was, painted, beaded, and blanketed like a savage. Surrounded, too, by Indians as grotesquely attired and painted as himself. He viewed them with satisfaction, as they gorged themselves on the venison provided by a lucky shot from one of their rifles. Their arms were of the newest patterns, taken from raided wagon trains, and from pony soldiers massacred by the Kid and his followers, and they had now a goodly store of cartridges.

"You thought I wanted to shoot you," said the Kid, speaking to his prisoner. "Well, I didn't, unless you made me do it, to keep you from getting away. I had other ideas about you. You deserved a bullet, of course, for what you did to me; you haven't forgot it—it was only a week or so ago."

Stuttering Tom thought it wise to cultivate the virtue of silence.

"You and me had made the friendship talk; you recollect that," said the Kid. "You was playing the game of hide out here, and so was I; only, as a bit of revenge, I was holding Gabe Wharton's little boy, to pay Wharton back for slamming a hunk of lead into my arm that time he and others raided my camp."

His one good eye took a baleful gleam over that memory.

"I dug that lead out, and lost enough blood by it to have killed a bull buffalo; and I'll have an arm that may go back on me always. So I struck back, as I always do, and corraled Wharton's boy, just to make the old man squeal for what he'd done to me."

"Then, you got into the game against me, helping Buffalo Bill. But for you, too, Buffalo Bill and his crowd would never have smoked me out. They did, with you to help 'em, down in that basin, and I had three men killed there, and lost the boy."

"I got away with the rest of my men and went south. But I had left some stuff here, and came back to get it. I was watching for you, and I meant to get you. I didn't know, then, that you had gone back with Cody to Tetou Peaks; for you know you told me you was afraid to go there any more."

"Cody straightened things out for me there," said Stuttering Tom; and the fact that he did not stutter in saying it showed that he was frightened by his position.

"Yes; you've told me that." He laughed and blew the ashes off the venison he was devouring as he talked. "Well, when the Apache Kid goes back to the white men and makes goody-goody talk, it will be for the same reason you did—because he thinks it will pay him. Some day," he added, "I may, just to keep from being hung; but that would be the only reason."

He chewed at the meat.

"Isn't that," he said, referring to the venison, "better than anything ever cooked up and served in a white man's restaurant? You wouldn't think now that I've been on gay Broadway, would you? But I have. The Carlisle fellows played Columbia, and we went through Broadway the night after the game. The way the people looked at us you'd have thought a Wild West show was parading the street, and we had on our white mans' football togery, too. Yet you'll claim that Indians are savages, and that white men are civilized. Bah! Pish! Scratch the skin of a white man and you'll find a thief or a fool. There's a terrible howl goes up when a few Indians lift

some ponies, but what about the white men who steal everything they can lay their hands on, so long as they ain't afraid they'll get caught?"

He gulped down a strip of venison and took a drink of water, using a tin cup.

"But that's got nothing to do with this case between you and me," he grumbled. "You gave me the double cross, and I said I'd get even; not by killing you, but by making you my slave. You can understand that?"

The stutterer held his peace.

"Shall I make it plainer? You're a lazy dog, and don't like to work; I know that, from watching you at times. I'm going to make you work for me. Where I am going I'll need a good servant, and you're to be that. You can cook—you cooked for yourself here a long time; and you can do all the things I'll want done.

"I've got twenty men now, with the San Carlos who joined me yesterday. We could do some red raiding, with that number, if we wanted to; mebber we will after a while, just to show the white men that we're still alive. But not now.

"The thing we're going to do now is to go down into a hidden valley that lies south of here, down by the Mexican line; I don't think even the pony soldiers know where it is, or ever heard of it. But these San Carlos know; they hid there once, some years ago, when the pony soldiers chased them, and they gave the soldiers the ha-ha.

"So there is where we're going. I don't mind telling you, for you're going along, and you'll not get away. The valley has water and grass for the ponies, and there are deer and antelopes; but we're not going to depend on game, except for the fresh meat we'll want now and then. We expect to shy out and hit a pack train, or something of the kind, and get what we need, and then back into the valley. We can stay there forever and never be located, for the way to it is across lava sheets, where a shod elephant couldn't make a track."

He chuckled, then choked.

"That whisky didn't last long enough," he grumbled. "Just a good drink all round. The wonder is that any of it got to me, when the San Carlos are such fish for it. But if we hit a pack train, we ought to get a lot; that's the only thing a white man makes that we care much for, except guns and ammunition.

"The first train we're going to hit," he added, "isn't a train, but a ranchman's wagons, loaded down with stuff for his ranch." He laughed. "The way that fool fell to my plan was a sin. I sent down three of my White Mountain Apaches—the ones that could speak a little English, and he has hired them for drivers and herders. He was about to start out from White Falls Basin, and I heard about it, and that he wanted help.

"There was also something else there that I wanted." He winked his good eye. "That was a half-breed Tonto girl; she had hired out to him as a cook. I got a look at her when she was with her family, at some springs southeast of here, and Cody's Piute was cultivating her acquaintance. There's a medicine man among these San Carlos, and he's going to marry me to that half-breed beauty, and we're going to settle down in that Happy Valley I've been telling you about."

He winked again.

"If she don't like it? Well, there have been white women tied up to white men when they didn't like it. I'll be following the white man's fashion. And that Piute! How he will howl and tear his braid when he hears of it.

"And me and this half-breed beauty will have you to wash our pans and kettles, pack wood for us, cook for us, and wait on us. How does that strike you?"

Stuttering Tom munched away at the venison given him, and did not answer.

"The cloud of gloom that's hovering over you ought to give me the blues," said the Kid, "but it doesn't. It makes me feel good. For you see I'm beginning to pay the first installment of the debt I'm owing you. By the time it's paid in full you'll wish you had kept faith with me, and had never heard of Buffalo Bill Cody."

When the sun was well above the peaks the Apache Kid and his renegades took up their line of march, with Stuttering Tom in their midst.

They had made sure that he could not escape by fastening a bridle chain to his leg, the other end of the chain being attached to a heavy stone that had a hole through its middle, as if nature had fitted it for the purpose. Kennedy was compelled to carry the stone, in order to walk at all, and its weight made it practically certain that he could not run away.

"How is that for a beginning?" sneered the Kid, as the stutterer took up his burden and the march southward over the almost impassable way began. "Next time, when you choose between me and Buffalo Bill, be sure that you don't come back where I can get my hands on you. That stone will weigh a thousand pounds after you have crawled up and down a few cliffs with it, but that will be only a starter."

It was an appalling prospect.

CHAPTER VI.

A DIFFICULT TRAIL.

When Buffalo Bill's party gained the spot where the San Carlos Apaches, combined with those under the Kid, had attacked Jasper's wagons, they found nothing, at first, but desolation.

It was in the gray of the dawn; after a night of hard riding.

But as they looked about, something which had seemed an old blanket, ash-sprinkled, stood up, and was seen to be an Indian.

Little Cayuse stared at the figure, then, recognizing the savage, uttered a cry. When the Indian had stared back he took a step toward the Piute. The next moment finger talk and lip talk flowed like a stream of water.

Neither Buffalo Bill nor his companions knew the Indian, but they saw that he was a Tonto. He was a man of fifty, garbed in the blanket that he had covered with ashes, and without face paint. The familiar Tonto feather stuck up from his flannel headband, and he wore leggings and moccasins.

Little Cayuse swung round, with anguished face.

"Your friend is in trouble, eh?" said the scout.

"Ai, Pa-e-has-ka. Mucho trouble," the Piute responded.

Then he proceeded to tell them that the man was Wolf Robe, the full-blood brother of the half-breed girl carried off by the Apache Kid's band of renegades; and, further, that she was of the Tonto family with whom he had taken potlatch recently.

"Mucho fine girl," he explained, his black eyes glistening suspiciously.

It appeared that she had hired out to Jim Jasper, who had stopped near the springs where the Tontos for a month or more past had been encamped, and was to do some work and cooking for him; so she had been with the wagons when the Kid's Apache devils had descended on it.

Wolf Robe had made a run-over in the night to see her, and had found the remnants of the burned wagons, and every indication of what had happened. He had followed the renegades a short distance; but, knowing he could do nothing, afoot and alone, he had returned to the scene of the outrage, and there, squatting in the ashes, Indian fashion, he had howled his grief, and cast ashes on his head and over his blanket.

"As ef thet would do any good, er help resky ther gal," Nomad grumbled. "Thar's Injun nonsense fer ye. Settin' hyar moanin', instead o' rackin' out ter git ther pony soldiers. Waugh-h!"

"It's sure a raw deal that has been handed out to him, though," said Pawnee Bill.

Buffalo Bill was asking the Tonto questions, and Pawnee Bill took part in the questioning.

"Dead white man out there," said the Piute, swinging his hand in the direction of the trail left by the Indians. "Wolf Robe see um."

The trail was as broad and plain as a highway. The sand at that point was deep, and the Indian ponies had plowed through it without any attempt at concealment.

By the side of the trail, a few hundreds yards beyond the smoking ruins, they came on the white man, who had been a herder hired by Jasper.

Apaches do not scalp, but they mutilate horribly. When the white men looked at the body they turned away their faces, hardened as they had become through familiarity with terrible sights. Buffalo Bill ordered the Piute to throw a blanket over the disfigured body, and then they set to work to scoop out a grave in the sand.

Little Cayuse took no part in this work, but spent the time in talks with Wolf Robe.

Seeing that this party was here for the purpose of following the trail of the plundering murderers, Wolf Robe declared that he would accompany them, for the purpose of rescuing his sister, if it could be done.

"I'm hoping that no other white men come in contact with the Kid," said Pawnee Bill, as they laid the unfortunate herder in his sandy grave. "This kind of work is what makes a borderman hate Indians."

"Fortunately all Indians are not Apaches," returned the scout.

"I has knowed Kiowas an' Comanches an' Pawnees an' Sioux an' Cheyennes, not ter mention numerous others, ter be ez pizen mean," said old Nomad. "Gin'rally Apaches aire inclined ter be a little more wolf, yit not allus."

"Vhen an Inchun he iss hit der var drail unt blay Inchun," commented the baron, "he iss some tuyfels. I haf hadt some inexperience mit him. Budt idt iss petter to pe deadt mit dhem dhan to be some brisoners oof der Apache Kid; I bedt you."

A headboard, cut from a wagon board that remained unburned, furnished out the grave in the sand, with an inscription as good as they could write; it told the time, place, and manner of his death, but not his name, which was unknown to them.

It was only another of the nameless graves dotting the West, populated by victims of Indian treachery and cruelty.

An hour by the sun, after a rest and a breakfast, and food and rest for the horses, the broad trail of the redskins was taken.

It held steadily southward for a while, then swung round and headed for the gullied and cañoned hills, where it was known that for some time the terrible Apache Kid had been in hiding.

But they did not believe that the Indians still remained in those hills, though the hills afforded many places of concealment. However, they were forced to follow the trail, and when the hills were approached they were required to guard closely against ambushes.

Time and again the Apache Kid had been trailed, since the hour when he and other supposed-to-be faithful scouts of the government had massacred a company of pony soldiers and taken to the plunder trail; and often he had ambushed successfully, but never yet had he been captured. His cunning, and his success in breaking out of the most difficult places, had become proverbial.

A short distance within the hills, the few cattle driven off by the Kid's followers had been slaughtered by them. The best portions of the carcasses had been carried away for food, also the skins; the rest had been left for the wolves and vultures.

"So long as the Kid and his gang stick to their ponies," said Pawnee, "we ought to be able to track them; we can go with our horses wherever they can go with theirs. I'll put Chick-Cluck against any Apache caballo that ever romped over a rocky trail."

But even this did not seem to be sound, for later the pursuers came to a lava sheet, which they could cross with their ponies, and which apparently the Apaches had crossed; but no trail was there, and no trail was possible.

As this lava extended for leagues, the direction taken by the Apaches after entering it could only be conjectured, as they had more than a twelve hours' start over the white men and Indians who followed.

Buffalo Bill's party held to the general direction, though with a growing belief that they were going wrong, but it was natural to expect that the Apaches had changed their course somewhere in the field of trackless lava.

"When ordinary judgment tells you," said Buffalo Bill, while they were halted to talk this over, "that an Indian is sure to do a certain thing, just give the figures a turn and conclude that he will not. If we apply that here, we

will go on in this direct course. We think the Indians would turn aside; but will they, or, rather, did they?"

"When et comes ter guessin', Buffler," said Nomad, digging up his odorous brier for a smoke, "the sense of a nannygoat has got a white man sidetracked, ef he's guessin' erbout ther ways of an Injun. Hide-rack hyar has got more sense than any nannygoat, and ef you'll look, he is pokin' his ears forrard. What does et mean? Mebbeso nothin'. Mebbeso erg'in, et means ther Injuns has gone on, an' he smells 'em, or the trail they has left, which we cain't nowise see."

The party continued on, for no other reason than that the Apaches could logically be expected to have gone in some other way, and because Nomad's old horse, Hide-rack, had pointed his ears along that course.

Within two hours, they found that in doing so they had exhibited wisdom. The lava ended, to be replaced by leagues of light and shifting sand. Not a trail could be seen on all that sandy surface; yet close by the lava edge, Little Cayuse, assisted by Wolf Robe, found what seemed to be all that remained of a hoofprint.

The company gathered round and inspected it. The sand, drifting continually, had sifted in there, but had not entirely filled in the track; and a pony track it was undoubtedly, they decided. Also, because a few hours more would have filled it, they decided that it had been made probably the day before.

Buffalo Bill leveled his field glasses on the leagues of sand which stretched before them. Far out there was a hazy shimmer, as of heat; and that seemed, to the eye, the boundary of the sandy plain. Even the glasses could not penetrate it.

"Nothing to be seen," he said, when he lowered the glasses. "Take a look, Pawnee."

"Same here," admitted Pawnee Bill, after he had adjusted the glasses to his eyes.

Yet they were satisfied that the Indians they followed had passed over this sandy waste in their flight.

When they entered the sand, hoping to find further indications that the renegades had passed that way, their horses and ponies, plowing through it, left deep trails; but the sand they stirred up drifted about in the light wind, and the wind rolling other sand in little eddies began to fill the tracks almost as soon as they were made.

The party went no more than a mile, then turned back, without discovering anything.

"We don't know how far this sand extends," was the scout's argument, to sustain this action, "and we don't know where there may be water holes, if any. So we've got to carry water—all we can, for ourselves and horses. But first we've got to find the water."

"Those ki-yis seem to be hiking for the Mexican line, anyway," was Pawnee's conjecture. "We might swing round this sand belt and pick up the trail on the other side. They didn't stay in there, necarnis; for even a buzzard couldn't live in that place."

Buffalo Bill called up Wolf Robe, and with the aid of Little Cayuse put him through a course of questioning, intended to extract whatever information he had of the region.

But though Wolf Robe and the Tontos he claimed kinship with had guided their caballos over a good deal of territory down that way, this was a district new to him. He shook his head as he looked at the sand and declared that it was bad medicine. Neither he nor the Piute liked the notion of entering it.

"Then, can you tell us where to find water?" demanded the scout.

Wolf Robe looked about, and off at some flat buttes. Water was to be found in hollows, on the tops of the buttes, if anywhere.

But as that was a thing which Buffalo Bill knew already, he was helped very little.

Dividing his small force, the scout made a search of the buttes. But night came down and drove the searchers back. Therefore, a dry camp was made on the edge of the sand. There was still plenty of water for the men, but not much for the horses.

"Looks like ragged play, at the very beginning of the game, Pard Bill; I'm referring to the hand we're holding," said Pawnee.

"Thet Apache Kid is heap smart," agreed old Nomad, who was feeding a small quantity of oats to Hide-rack, using his old hat as a feed box. "Ef he'd been hung before he was born! Looks to me right now, not bein' thet I'm critical, thet when Little Cayuse looks erg'in inter ther face o' the half-breed gal, she's goin' ter be a heap older. An' I reckon, too, ther Kid has got Tut-Tom would er showed a wiser head ef he had stayed at Teton Peaks."

They had a short-allowance supper in their dry camp; but the horses were more fortunate in that line, for a quantity of green grass grew close by some rocks. As the ground seemed a bit moist there, Buffalo Bill thought of sinking a well, in a test for water, if the tops of the buttes yielded none.

Yet a pursuit of Indians, who knew the water holes, of which their pursuers were ignorant, did not seem promising, as Nomad had said, right at the outset.

But the next morning water was found in a rocky depression on top of a butte, where it had been held since the last rainfall, the slope of the surrounding rocks having poured the rain into the hole as into a cistern.

"Rained hyar erbout three weeks ago," avowed Nomad, as he studied the indications of evaporation that had taken place. "This will hold out mebbeso two weeks more—say three; then likely no more rain will come fer six months. What I'm drivin' at, Buffler, is what we're goin' ter do fer water when we back-tracks this way, ef so be we're gone longer than we expect, and this water hole is dry then?"

"We'll cross that bridge when we come to it," said the scout.

"Pard Cody is right, old Diamond," said Pawnee. "Be thankful for the favors of the present, can't you? Perhaps it will rain great guns here inside of a week, and this hole can't hold all of it. Look at it that way."

He had drunk his fill of the sweet water, and now was lighting the weed he had drawn from the crown of his hat.

"Suppose I go to moaning, afraid that my cigars won't hold out; and I'm burning them fast. Think of that awful catastrophe, Nomad, and think of the fix I'd be in. I'd have to make a pipe out of a cactus—stem and all; and rub desert weeds to pieces for tobacco."

Yet the picture he drew seemed not to distress him, as he blew rings of smoke at the turquoise sky, and, with Buffalo Bill, considered the situation.

After all, their reasoning brought them round in a circle to the jumped-at conclusion of Nomad and the Piute. The Apaches and their leader were "heap smart," and the work of running them down and corralling them was not to be done in a hurry.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MAGIC BUSH.

At the end of a week of as hard work as they had ever put in, Buffalo Bill and Pawnee Bill had not reached a conclusion differing in any respect from the above.

But in that time they and their companions had covered a good deal of territory, and by a process of slow elimination had worked out some facts. They knew that the Apache Kid had not gone with his band to the eastward, beyond the sand desert and the lava belt; for off there lay a strip of alkali soil, white as snow or salt, which would have held the impress of any hoofs or moccasins crossing it.

In the same way they knew that the Kid had not gone to the westward, for a pebbly area lay there, streaked with patches of green. The scout's party had covered that thoroughly, and made sure that it held no pony tracks.

So but two directions remained—southward and northward. They might have passed the Apaches, or been passed by them; yet they did not believe this had happened. But if it had happened, the Kid was behind them. Otherwise he was somewhere ahead, which meant south.

Tracking through sand had worn down the horses. They needed rest and recuperation, and were being held

by the Tonto and the Piute in a little valley, where water and grass had been found.

Outside, continuing the search on foot, were Pawnee Bill and Buffalo Bill, and in another place Nomad and the baron.

As the scout and Pawnee went on slowly, they watched keenly for tracks, and likewise studied every cactus and bush before them before they went near it.

They did not believe that the Kid or any of his Apaches were close at hand; this caution of theirs was a mere matter of habit, induced by long and perilous experience.

"I have seen an Apache lie hid in a spot where it would seem, necarnis, that a horned toad couldn't keep out of sight. I remember once, down on the lower Colorado, that I was following a Yuma. The rascal had knifed a white man, then cut for the desert, and I had been detailed to hunt him down. In a place as flat as this, where it was all sand, and I was sure he could not be there, he jumped at me, with his knife out; he had buried himself in the sand, all but his brown nose; and he judged when I was near by through his sense of hearing. The sand was light, like this; he came up with a jump that showered me with sand, and filled my eyes with it, then tackled me."

"You got him?"

"Of course I got him, necarnis; that was what I was out there for."

Buffalo Bill had stopped, his eyes fixed on the sand before him.

"Think a red is under there?" said Pawnee. "It isn't a likely place, but—"

"A red has been there, I think, and not an hour ago," was the answer of the scout. "Do you notice that pebble?"

"That's right, Pard Bill; I see it now."

There were beds of pebbles here and there, shining, some of them, like polished agates. The one the scout referred to, and on which the scouts had fixed their eyes, was not shining, but was dull colored.

"Turned over recently," said Pawnee. "Your eyes are sure all right, Cody. If it had lain that way long the wind and the sand eating away at it would have given it a polish."

"There is a bit of alkali on it, you'll notice; it was, of course, on the under side. It's whitening in the sun now. An hour ago, when it was underneath, it must have been a gray-brown; in another hour it will be as white as salt."

The scouts looked ahead, and to right and left.

"He may be in the hills off there," suggested the scout, "or—he may be in that bush right ahead of us."

"Three hundred yards, isn't it? Hard to tell, here, where the sun glitters everything so much. But it's not over five hundred yards off. And if the red is there, and has got a good rifle, and nerve, he could get us here."

"True enough," said the scout.

Nevertheless, they advanced, counting on the well-known fact that an Indian rifleman, if he has not been in close contact with white men, is a miserable shot. He seems not to know that both fore and rear sights of a rifle are made for use; so he sights too often through the rear sight only, and shoots high and wild.

"Of course," remarked Pawnee, "that pebble might have been turned over by the hoof of an antelope, instead of the moccasin of a redskin striking it; but we have seen no antelopes, and it isn't likely."

"Nor have we seen any redskins, though we've tried hard enough."

"That's true, necarnis. But if an antelope had passed this way his sharp-pointed hoofs would surely have poked holes here and there; but there aren't any. If there were any sage rabbits here, I might make another wild guess and suggest sage rabbits."

"Cast your eyes ahead of you—there by that bit of black lava; you will see something."

An indentation in a film of alkali by the lava bore the suggestive outline of the toe of a moccasin.

"Phew! That red was going some where he stubbed his toe there. Your guesses are always right, Pard Bill. It was a moccasin which turned over that pebble, and

the redskin wearer of it is somewhere ahead of us. That bush seems a likely place."

"You don't notice anything peculiar about the bush?"

Pawnee Bill flung it an apparently unobservant glance.

"I do, now that you mention it, Cody. It is first cousin to certain manzanita scrub I've seen, and doesn't belong here at all, but out in the hills. Everything else growing here is of the thistle, cactus, and greasewood order."

"That's right. It doesn't belong here, and didn't grow here; which means that it was transported. My guess is that when we came out into this place there was an Indian poking round, who had that bush with him, for concealment purposes. He couldn't get back into the hills without being seen, so he planted his bush, and is hid now inside of it. He is hoping we'll pass on by without discovering him."

They were sauntering on in careless attitude, as if engaged in ordinary conversation.

"He will not shoot at us," the scout continued, "so long as he thinks we haven't suspected his ruse. And he can't shoot without moving and shaking the bush, and so giving us warning. Just drop your hands carelessly into your coat pockets and get those little pistols ready."

Pawnee Bill laughed as his hands slid into the outside pockets of his coat.

"I'll try to wing him, if I have to shoot, Pard Bill," he declared. "For if he is one of the Kid's men, we'll want to have him alive, to sling talk for us. I rather think we can find means to persuade the rascal to point the way to the hide-out of the gang. Mebbe it will save us another week of hard work."

Buffalo Bill tore off a thistle now and then as they passed along and shaped them into a roll.

"What now?" Pawnee asked.

"I'm going to make a torch."

"Going to smoke him out?" Pawnee laughed again.

"The leaves of that bush are dry as tinder—you can see that now; and they will burn, I'm sure. I think when we get close up, and you have your pistols ready, I'll fire the torch into it and see what happens."

"It will sure astonish him, neecarnis."

Having pulled more thistles and shaped them, the empty torch was wound round with thistle fiber. The dry thistle heads at one end were as inflammable as cotton.

The expected happened, when the moment for action came.

As the torch flamed through the air the suspected bush shot forth a yelling redskin. At the same time the fake bush fell apart, as if it had been held together by invisible string, now severed.

There was a knife in the redskin's hand, but he showed no other weapon. As the knife lifted and the Indian dived with another yell at Buffalo Bill, the little revolver in Pawnee's right-hand pocket barked, and the bullet sent the knife flying.

As he turned to run, defenseless and frightened, the tail of Buffalo Bill's hat hooked round an instep, and the Indian came down, sprawling.

The next instant the scout was on top of him, with Pawnee hurrying to his assistance.

The Indian's own red flannel headband, twisted, served to tie his wrists together, and a turn of Pawnee's reata round his legs rendered him helpless.

They had already seen that he was not an Apache, but a Maricopa, of one of the wandering bands that rove over the southern desert, subsisting on cactus pears, mesquite bean, ant, and acorns.

The dropping apart of the bush with which he had concealed himself had drawn a blanket bundle on the ground there, but this they gave no attention at first.

They began to question him in the various dialects of the Southwest, but he only stared up at them with black eyes that glittered like polished stones. He was evidently very much frightened.

"The talk we're slinging, Pard Bill, don't seem to get him," said Pawnee. "Suppose you give him a little finger exercise."

An adept in the Indian sign language, Buffalo Bill began to use it.

The Indian still stared, but there was now in his eyes a gleam of comprehension.

"I guess you're hitting him. Shall I loosen up this flannel tourniquet a bit, so that he can shake some talk back at you?"

"Yes," said the scout. "Untie his hands."

With his hands unbound, the Maricopa sat up.

"I'll just grip this end of the reata," said Pawnee, smiling, "for fear he may kick out of that harness and try to give leg bail. I'm betting he can be something of a runner, get him started."

Buffalo Bill began by asking him if he had a horse near, though it seemed unlikely. The question was easy to ask. The scout jerked a finger at the Maricopa, to indicate that he was referred to; then he straddled two fingers of his right hand over the first finger of his left, to indicate a man sitting astride a horse, and made a forward galloping motion with them through the air.

The Maricopa shook his head.

The scout bunched the fingers of both hands into the shape of lodge poles, and the Maricopa understood it to mean: "Where is your village, or tepee?"

With a swing of his head he indicated the south; then he laid his head on his palm, closed his eyes and opened them, and repeated it again.

"Your people are two sleeps to the south," said the scout.

"You seem to have straggled some distance from your vine and fig tree," commented Pawnee. "And, of course, that means you were out trying to steal something; which means, further, you had knowledge of something to steal."

The scout pointed to the Maricopa, and made the Indian thief sign—usually applied among the Indians as a thing of honor; for an Indian considers stealing, from an enemy or another tribe, a praiseworthy thing.

Something like a smile cracked across the brown face, and the Maricopa jerked his head toward the bundle.

Buffalo Bill stepped over and picked it up. When he shook the blanket open a curious assortment rolled out—an Apache blanket, headband, knife and hatchet, eagle feather, box of paint, curiously beaded moccasins and leggings, together with a robe of wolfskin dyed in a highly fanciful pattern, the head of the wolf attached to it, with grinning teeth exhibited and glass eyes shining. In addition, there was a weasel-skin medicine bag heavily scented and a gourd rattle. Glued to the weasel skin were a number of balls made of horse hair.

"Wow!" Pawnee gulped, when he beheld the odd assortment. "The villain has robbed a medicine man."

"And killed him," said the scout, pointing to certain dark stains and a slit in the wolfskin, made by a knife.

By the tokens, neecarnis, that medicine man was a San Carlos Apache, too. Does that suggest anything?"

"It does, Lillie—a whole lot; it warms the trail for us. That letter which came down from Fort Grant stated that the San Carlos who had jumped the reservation, and, as we know, joined the Apache Kid later, had a medicine man with them. Here are his remainders, as Tom Sawyer would say."

He began to make signs again to the Maricopa. The Indian was rather proud of his work. The Apaches were the scourge of the Southwest, with their hands not only uplifted against the white men, but against all other Indians. For that reason the Maricopa hated them, and in slaying and stripping the Apache medicine man, he had, he felt, ample justification.

Buffalo Bill went on with his "finger practice," Pawnee Bill looking on with great interest.

"That's right," Pawnee commented. "Tell him he must take us straight to the body of the medicine man. I bet you'll find it as a heap close up to the Apache Kid. My guess is, the medicine man hadn't strayed far from their hide-out, and that we're now in a fair way to locate it: he probably wandered out somewhere to make medicine and consult the Apache oracles, and perhaps got out with a party that would circumvent us. I've seen medicine men go into trances, when, judging by the looks, they knew no more than a man asleep, though afterward they claimed they had been talking with the spirit."

"Mebbe we'll never know, neecarnis, what the truth of the matter is, but I'd gamble Good Luck against the nearest Indian party that ever traveled past that river country. Maricopa struck on the medicine man when he was in a fit like that, and then ran his knife into him."

That would have been dead easy for him, and a Maricopa is just naturally too cowardly for a straight, stand-up fight."

When, by threats, Buffalo Bill had got the Maricopa into a subservient state of mind they set him on his feet, and with the reata hampering his legs, so that he would not try to run away, they made him take them to the dead medicine man.

Two hours were consumed, after they hit the hills, in a scramble over stone and lava and across crevices and fissures; at the end of which time they came to a small grove of scrubby pines set at the rim of a great gash.

This gash widened away before them into a wide depression, like the bottom of some dead and waterless cañon. The farther distances were swallowed up in a blue haze, through which peaks swam and white buttes lifted their wide, flat areas.

In the grove lay the medicine man, dead and stripped. The knife of the Maricopa had been driven into his back, and he had fallen forward on his face, and apparently had died without a struggle. Beside him was his tripod of peeled cottonwood poles, whereon he had hoisted his medicine bag of weasel skin and horsehair fetishes. No doubt he had been prostrating himself before it when the murderous blow was given, and if the prostration had been long continued he had probably self-hypnotized himself into a trance.

The trail of his moccasins came up from the rim of the gash, and the marks were to be seen farther down, on a soapstone clay wet by a trickle of water.

That trickle of water which had oozed from the rocks was a hint that in this region water was to be found, indicating that perhaps beyond the blue haze lay a watered valley.

While Pawnee Bill guarded the Maricopa, Buffalo Bill studied the configuration of the gash and the swimming depths far below.

"The Apaches are in there," he declared confidently.

Pawnee Bill, already sure of that, had been doing some thinking, a continuation of a good deal of thinking done on the way.

"Pard Cody," he said, "there are certain things here we can surely bank on. When the medicine man came up to this grove to consult the spirits, the Apaches knew where he was going, and his purpose; but they didn't know how long he would be gone, for he didn't know that himself; that would depend on his success in communicating with the spirits. If he was in a state of mind to pop into a trance without much effort or delay, he would get his answer, and go right back; otherwise, he might have to fast a while, and that might take days."

"But while he was up here with his medicine bag and rattle and fetishes, no Apache would disturb him or come near him, if he tarried on his job for a week; for that would be to disturb and anger the spirits, which would be Apache bad medicine. Of course, they knew we would follow, and perhaps some of their scouts may have seen us; and it's a safe throw of the guess lariat that his conjuring concerned us. He expected to work witchcraft against us. If one of us fell from a horse and broke a leg after that, the Apaches would believe that the spirits drove our man out of the saddle; and if one of us fell sick, they would know that the sick man had swallowed a wolf demon at the last water hole, and it was inside of him, eating at his vitals. Apache medicine is great stuff, Cody."

He looked at the crouching Maricopa.

"So I suppose we ought to thank our red friend here for putting the kibosh on the medicine man and saving us from all that. But it wasn't really what I was trying to get round to. Here is the conjuror's toggery—the complete layout. And I think, Pard Bill, that I'm the boy to make good use of it."

"How?"

"I'll play San Carlos Apache medicine man, and so get next."

They talked it over, in view of their supposed discovery of the Kid's hiding place. In the end they decided that it might be worth the risk.

Removing the lariat from the legs of the Maricopa, they sent him away without his loot, but with a silver-

handled pocketknife, which so delighted him that he danced as he departed.

They had kept the medicine man's toggery for the use of Pawnee Bill.

"Now we've got to get our force together," said the scout, "and keep out of sight of the Apaches."

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE HIDDEN VALLEY.

The place would have been a cattleman's paradise.

Dropping down from the hills, springs trickled their water by many-fingered rivulets, and when it sank into the soil the same water furnished a subirrigation which made the valley grass lush and green.

At the farther end of the valley, which was probably five miles long and a mile wide at the point of its greatest width, the San Carlos and White Mountain followers of the Apache Kid had erected their lodges, of slim, bare, cottonwood poles covered with bits of canvas and dirty blankets.

Set apart from the others and elevated conspicuously on a rocky shelf, stood the lodge of the medicine man. Before it was a pole tripod, supporting his feathered pipe of sacred pipestone, his buffalo-hide shield, his tobacco bag of deerskin, and a cluster of horsehair fetishes.

Within the lodges, and heaped before them, were piles of goods taken from the burned wagons of Jim Fisher. A barrel of flour, broken open, had spilled some of its contents, and the grass there seemed blanketed with snow. Near the flour barrel was a pile of empty cans, that had held peaches, apricots, and other fruits. The ground reeked with fruit juice, where it had spilled when the reckless redskins had slashed cans open with hatchets to get at their contents.

One of the lodges had no loot in front of it, but a man sat there—a white man in rags and tatters, and with an air of depression and weariness.

The man was Stuttering Tom, and to his right leg was fastened a bridle chain, the other end of which passed through a hole in a heavy stone. His leg was chafed into a sore by the wear of the chain, and the weariness of carrying the stone about wherever he moved, combined with the tasks daily laid on by his merciless captors, had made him pray for death.

As he sat looking about, a half-breed Indian girl came out of one of the lodges, followed immediately by a San Carlos brave. Shrinking from his outstretched hand, she wheeled on him fiercely, snarling like a dog. Then she lashed him with Tonto invectives, which made him roar.

Stuttering Tom had been in the Southwest all his life, and had picked up a few words of many of the Indian languages there; so he understood, to an extent, what the girl said, and what the San Carlos flung back at her when she excoriated him.

One of the San Carlos friends of the young brave called him a soft warrior.

But it was too late. The Apache Kid came jumping down the hillside on the right. The offending San Carlos shrank when he saw him, then straightened with an air of defiance.

"So it's comin'," thought the white prisoner, aroused to interest. "Well, on a show-down, I'm bettin' on the Kid. Still, the t'other is some of a warrior, in his own opinion, and don't reckon to go round askin' the Kid, or anybody."

The half-breed girl had dashed into one of the lodges, out of sight, scudding like a boat before a hurricane.

The Kid stopped before the warrior; then, felling his arms, eyed him steadily. It was a particularly malignant and offensive stare, for the Kid's left eye drooped and turned inward, and the right eye, shiny as a black batter, did all the work, and had the boring power of a small-caliber rifle.

"Floating Feather is a chief—a chief of the San Carlos," said the warrior, angered to defiance, "and he takes orders from no White Mountain Indian, even though the White Mountain has been trimmed by the white man's schools until he thinks he has the shape of a white man."

A murmur arose, and Indian faces began to darken the lodge openings.

A cloud of rage swept over the face of the terrible Kid, and his hand dropped to his knife; yet he knew he dared not use it.

"What did the warrior say to the girl?" he demanded.

"Floating Feather is a chief, not a warrior," was the scornful reply.

"What did Floating Feather, the San Carlos chief, say to the girl?" said the Apache Kid, though the change of the words was of itself something of a surrender.

"The Tonto is good to look upon," admitted the San Carlos; "that is what Floating Feather said to her. He has a right to speak his mind."

"But she has been chosen by me, Running Wind; she is to warm my lodge, and I have spoken to the medicine man. Floating Feather knows this. So I tell him to beware."

The murmurs of the San Carlos warriors pushing out of the lodges behind him emboldened the young chief.

The face of the Apache Kid, whose Indian name was Running Wind, twisted into the visage of a fiend, and again his hand dropped to his knife.

"Floating Feather is bold," he said, "because his San Carlos friends are behind him. He knows that except myself there are but three White Mountain Apaches here. But," he clutched his knife and struck his breast a resounding blow with his knife hand, "I am Running Wind, the Apache Kid, and I fear no man. Will Floating Feather fight me now, or will he obey my orders? I am chief in command here!"

Floating Feather recoiled before the furious rage that spat forth its bitterness in the words of the Kid. And he feared the knife, for the Kid was a master of that weapon, as he had proved in more than one terrible combat.

But the murmurs of the braves at his back flung him forward.

"Running Wind is in command—of the White Mountain Apaches, while Floating Feather is in command of the San Carlos. If Running Wind says the words, the San Carlos will leave him here."

The drooping eye of the Apache Kid twitched, though the other bored the young chief like a gimlet.

"Outside somewhere are the white wolves who follow us. Does Floating Feather and his braves care to meet them? Here only is safety and hiding. Does Floating Feather care for the sleeps of the desert, the thirst and the hunger; the wild pursuit, and the lashing of the desert storms? If he does, let him leave the valley. Or, if he wants to go north, there he can meet the pony soldiers who have been sent after the San Carlos, and will drag them back to the bondage of the white man's reservation. Otherwise——"

Floating Feather gave his strong shoulders a shrug.

For a moment he wavered; then the cloud rolled away, on his part. He advanced, extending his hand.

"Floating Feather sees that he and Running Wind cannot quarrel," he declared. "We may have to fight the pony soldiers and Pa-e-has-ka. Running Wind is a wonderful warrior, and his cunning is greater than the cunning of the snake; also he is more deadly. Floating Feather and Running Wind should be friends."

The Apache Kid hesitated; his bubbling rage still choked him. But after a moment he, too, put forth his hand.

"Let it pass," he said. "When the medicine man returns from the grove of pines we will talk of this again. Until then——"

He sheathed his knife and turned away.

The Apache Kid had not been able to get away from the superstitions of his fathers. His education was but a veneer, which ran very thin in spots. So he awaited anxiously the return of the sorcerer, hoping his conjuring would be effective as a protection from enemies. But the thing he thought of now was the probable result if, on the return of the medicine man, the conflicting claims of himself and Floating Feather to the hand of the half-breed Tonto girl were submitted to him for settlement. Would not the medicine man, who was a San Carlos, incline to the side of the young San Carlos chief, even though he had already promised the Kid his influence and aid?

Throughout the wordy combat Stuttering Tom had sat

quietly before the door of his little lodge, a deeply interested spectator.

"That's good enough," he thought, as he saw the Kid swing away and walk down the valley, and the San Carlos chief enter one of the lodges of his followers. "When two dogs git to fighting over a bone, generally neither one gits it. The final result here, I reckon, will be a split between the San Carlos and the White Mountains. Whether that will help me or not I don't know. But what they said makes me wonder if they know that pony soldiers aire pikin' this way."

The Apache Kid had apparently departed in the direction of the grove to which the medicine man had gone, but Stuttering Tom knew the Kid would not go there, for an invasion of the grove while the medicine man was in it would be a sacrilege the sorcerer would not forgive, and would be, besides, very bad medicine, and result in all sorts of unhappy things for the Apaches.

When the sun was still an hour high the half-breed Tonto girl came out of her lodge and down to the rivulet which flowed at the feet of the white man, who had been sitting there in the sun all the afternoon.

Floating Feather was nursing his grouch in his lodge, if he had not slipped out at the rear and gone off somewhere, the stutterer knew. So he deemed it safe to speak to the girl, who had knelt on a flat stone, and had begun to wash a blanket in the crystal water.

He had spoken to her there before, when she performed such tasks. Like him, she was the slave and servant of all the Indians there, and this blanket washing, though they cared little enough for cleanliness, was one of the things she had to do. It was because they were bound in a common slavery that they had drawn together, and when opportunity offered had talked together, so far as their language limitations permitted.

"The white man saw the quarrel," said the girl, looking into the water. "When the fight comes between the San Carlos and the White Mountains, the white man will be killed, and I will be carried away by the victors."

It is not pretended that the half-breed spoke exactly these words in clear English. She used Tonto words and English words so changed they were hard to recognize as such, and Indian signs, moving her hands in the sign language above the blanket as she dropped it back into the water.

Studying her attitude and gestures, and getting such words as he could, Tom Kennedy caught her meaning fairly well.

When he replied he used English and the few Tonto words he knew, and eked out the deficiency with signs, though he was no master of that branch of Indian learning.

Still, they got on fairly well.

The girl declared her belief that no hope of help could be expected. The white men in pursuit, spoken of by the stutterer on previous occasions, she had small faith in; and in the pony soldiers she had none. There was a young Indian, she said, with Pa-e-has-ka's party with whom she was acquainted, and if he could get near he might accomplish something. But the white man remembered the trail which had brought them there; how it had crossed leagues of lava, and other leagues of shifting sand. Not even an Indian could follow it, to say nothing of a white man; so she did not expect aid even from the young Piute who was with Pa-e-has-ka's party, and was her friend.

And now this trouble had come. She was the captive of the Apache Kid. He had made her his slave, and was soon to make her his wife; that he had told her. And Floating Feather had begun to show her attentions.

She did not care for that—she was willing they should fight it out, and if both were killed her eyes would not turn to fountains of weeping; instead, she would rejoice.

But the prospect of being the lifelong slave of either was appalling.

So she had a plan, and as she dipped and rinsed at the blanket she tried to unfold it for the white man's consideration, because she needed his help.

There would be a fight soon between Floating Feather and Running Wind. When it came the San Carlos would back their chief, and the White Mountains could be expected to support their leader. Though outnumbered, the

White Mountains had the Apache Kid, and he alone was worth a dozen ordinary Indians, so the result of that conflict when it came could not be forecasted. Perhaps, in spite of his many foes, the Kid would win.

But while that fight was in progress would come the opportunity for the prisoners. The girl would snatch up rifles and cartridge belts, knives, and a bundle of food, with a bottle of water. With them she would get into the hills behind the lodges.

As the white man was burdened with the great stone which all the while he was forced to carry, he could not be expected to bring away arms and food; she would bring enough for both.

Out in the hills, if the plan succeeded, they would beat to pieces the stone which was tied to his leg; then they would hide, if the time was day, and wait for the night; if the time was night, they would shape a course by the stars.

They would travel far and fast, and before morning they would be so far on their way that they could not be overtaken. Besides, the Apaches would be afraid to pursue far, lest they should run into the pony soldiers, or into Pa-e-has-ka's party.

With broken words, and with signs, the girl outlined this as briefly as she could, while she scrubbed and dipped the blanket.

A part of the time she seemed to be singing, or crooning, but even then she was speaking for the white man's benefit.

Kennedy was sparing in what he said, but he let her know that he comprehended, and was ready for any attempt that promised the least chance of escape.

In truth, his position had made him desperate.

CHAPTER IX.

PAWNEE BILL'S DISGUISE.

The deft fingers of Little Cayuse mixed the pigments, taken from the paint box of the dead medicine man, and applied them skillfully to the face and hands of Pawnee Bill. He had the face of the dead medicine man before him from which to copy the lines and the coloring. One of the sorcerer's facial adornments had been a broad stripe of white across the bridge of his nose, joined to upward twists of green, which began where the white line ended and spread out in fan shapes over the cheek bones. On the conjurer's hands were triangles of white bordered with green, each triangle with a yellow dot in its center.

"You're some han'some ter look at," said Nomad, commenting as the paint was applied. "Meet up with a on-suspectin' traveler anywhar an' ye'd plumb skeer him out of a y-ar's growth; I'm gittin' ther shivers myself, jest standin' hyar."

"The beauty of the undersigned, when Little Cayuse gets through," responded Pawnee, "will be something to talk about, I know; but right now, while we're getting ready, I'd rather talk about our plans. Are you sure you've got those Indian caballos located where you can put your hands on them, no matter how dark it is?"

"I'll get down ter ther fineness of a gnat's heel, he has," Nomad boasted. "Me an' Little Cayuse didn't crawl on our bellies the endurin' afternoon fer nothin'. As I told Buffler, et's ther cutest hole ye ever saw fer a corral; a natural corral et is, backed into ther rock wall, with a stone fence hoss-high slung acrost ther front of et, whar et opens inter ther valley. Right in ther middle of the fence is a gate, er a hole, with long poles set in and twistificated acrost et fer bars. Ther caballos can't git out, an' et would trouble wolves ter git in."

"I should think, too," said Pawnee Bill, "it would trouble a man, at night."

"Ef he hadn't figgered et all out beforehand, he couldn't do et. But we has et figgered out. Ther's a sort of key pole, as ye may say, holdin' all ther poles tergether; break that, er cut et, and the thing would tumble."

"When you begin ter slam away on ther medicine drum up thar in ther village, I'm goin' to give Little Cayuse a hist ther will sling him over inter ther corral, and then I'll hack away ther key pole, while he's gittin' behind the ponies."

"Soon as the contraption of poles goes down, ther

Piute is goin' ter deliver hisself of some Piute or Tonto war whoops thet he has been savin' fer ther 'casion, and he'll wave his blanket, and maybe shoot off his pistols. Jest then I'll jine in ther ruction. An' ef them Apache ponies don't go out er ther corral like bullets out of a shotgun this hyar ol' horned toad is guessin' fer a wrong jump."

"Ai," said Little Cayuse, who had been working away in silence.

"Ther rest of ye," said Nomad, who liked to hear himself talk, "will be engagin' in high jinks, down among ther tepees. You'll be in ther medicine lodge slammin' et ter ther drum—ef ye gits thar; an' Cody an' the others, after makin' a snoop round, will be ready ter jump inter ther scrimmage soon's they think ther time has come."

"When the Apaches hears ther yellin' an' shootin', an' specially when they knows their caballos has been stam-peded, et ought to throw a fright into 'em that's wicked. Yit I has seen plans as cute as this busted inter a hundred pieces before they war fair started."

"Buffler is goin' ter git ther Kid this time—so he plans. An' gin'rally he does whatever he plans."

Little Cayuse held up the tiny looking-glass that had been with the belongings of the medicine man, and Pawnee Bill took a look at himself in the fast-fading light.

"I'm a fright," he said humorously.

"Well, ye shore ain't no beauty," Nomad grunted. "Hold up thet swingin' wolf paw acrost yer face, ter hide thet mustache, and you'll do. Ef you're goin' ter play show actor an' Injun detective very much, ye'd ort ter shave thet off."

Little Cayuse regarded his work with deep satisfaction.

"Mucho fine," he said. "Pawnee all same big medicine man now. Ugh!"

But he was not satisfied until he had brought out of his war bag the dried hoof of a mustang, which he regarded as a charm beyond all others for merit.

"Make um Pawnee heap more safe," he explained.

Rapidly he rubbed the hoof over the shoulders, arms, and body of the disguised scout. Pawnee Bill remained silent, and permitted it.

"Mucho fine medicine hoof," said the Piute. "Bullet no can git um, knife no can git um, other thing no can git um now. How Pawnee like?"

"Great."

"Make mucho strong, eh?"

"I feel like Samson and Hercules and John L. Sullivan rolled into one; I could fight a tribe of wild cats with my eyes shut and both hands tied behind my back."

"Pawnee heap brave," said the Piute gravely.

Then he stood back and surveyed his work.

What he saw was a counterpart of the medicine man as he had appeared in life. Pawnee Bill wore the medicine man's clothing, his headband, eagle feather, moccasins, and blanket. On top of his head was the head of the wolf, forming a cap; round his neck the forelegs of the wolf were drawn, like the ends of a comforter, and pinned there with a thorn skewer. The wolfskin had been stretched at the neck, and this was drawn down, concealing the sides of the face. When the blanket was held up, the mustache was concealed; so that all that remained visible was the broad stripe of white paint, with a little of the green, and the shining eyes that looked out under the cap.

Casting the wolf robe from his shoulders, when satisfied that his make-up would pass inspection when favored by darkness, Pawnee Bill sat down with Nomad and Little Cayuse to await the coming of the other members of the party, who had gone out to survey the valley from that point as well as they could.

They returned soon—Buffalo Bill, the baron, and the Tonto warrior.

"I haf valked mein feedt off, dhis afdernoon, to git me py d'is blow in," the baron grumbled; "unt now I am to valk dhem off dwo dimes, to git me round it py der hint side oof der Inchuns. Budt jdt iss all right. Oof idt vill hellup dot Sduttering Tom, unt he iss alive yidt, I am habby to do idt."

"Ye can't never," said Nomad, "fergit ther time he helped you."

"Hah, der time!" the baron protested.

They had their supper there, a meal limited to strict

necessities, for they had nothing else; then they sat and talked, while the darkness thickened round them.

At eight o'clock Buffalo Bill started off with all the party except Pawnee Bill, who remained behind, still smoking cigars and ruminating on the desperate chances he had selected.

Nomad and the Piute were to be dropped off at the rocky spot they called the corral, and there they were to creep down, and be ready when Pawnee's signal sounded.

From time to time Pawnee looked at his watch, striking a match under cover of his Stetson to do so. But when he was ready to start, an hour after the departure of the others, he left the watch, the Stetson, and everything but a revolver, a knife, and the Indian clothing he wore, in a hiding place previously chosen.

Stars were shining when the daring scout swung down over the rim of the valley, planted his moccasins on the slippery path, and began to make his way silently downward.

The study he had given the place during the afternoon came into play now; so that in spite of the darkness and the difficulties he made progress.

It required two hours of good walking down the valley, through the night, to bring him in sight of the one fire displayed by the Apaches. From the rim of the valley this fire could not be seen; and as it was fed with dried roots of mesquite, no smoke ascended from it as a signal to foes.

Within a hundred yards of the small fire, Pawnee Bill stopped and ran his eyes over the lodges which it revealed.

He readily picked out the lodge of the medicine man by its size and by the articles on the tripod of poles in front of it.

Creeping still farther in, he waited half an hour, to make sure that his friends would be in their selected positions, and during that time he accustomed his eyes to the dim light and looked the lodges over thoroughly.

"The one on the right is the lodge of a chief," he concluded, "for there is his shield at the entrance. The medicine lodge is dead ahead. Off there is a lodge by itself; perhaps a prison lodge, though it ought to be closer in, to be watched easily. If I wasn't afraid of being seen doing the crawling act I'd investigate that lodge; but it wouldn't do for the medicine man to be caught at such folly; the Indians would think he had lost his mind."

Finally the brave fellow rose up boldly and stepped toward the lodges. When within a dozen steps, he stopped, drew up the medicine rattle swinging at his side, and shook it. The sound produced was like that of beans clattering round in a dried gourd.

The lodges responded by vomiting forth a dozen staring braves. Among them was Floating Feather, at the lodge entrance where Pawnee had noted the shield of a chief.

Dropping the rattle, the pseudo medicine man caught up his weasel-skin medicine bag, which he held before him as he advanced. He had chosen to make his rôle as little difficult as he could; so he did not speak as he passed by the warriors, nor did he look at them; but he weaved his body heavily, feigning weakness, to show that his intercourse with the spirits had been a trying one, and he was nearly exhausted.

The staring braves grunted sympathetically, and drew back with respect as he passed along on his way to the big lodge he had picked out as the one to enter.

Before the high tripod there, he stopped and held up the medicine bag; then he took down the shield, the pipe-stone pipe, and the other things and carried them within.

The medicine man had returned, and was at home.

The Indians did not follow to the entrance of the lodge, but congregated not far off. He heard them talking excitedly in the intervals when he was not rattling the gourd.

Fortunately for Pawnee's plans and safety, though a medicine man does certain well-known things, he can at times be as eccentric as he likes. So when he took from the medicine pouch which hung on the lodge wall a brown, powdery substance, which he recognized as the fuel for a ball of incense, and, putting it in a copper tray he found, stuck a lighted match to it, he did not fear angry criticism or interference.

The smoke rose up in thick folds, with a pungent and aromatic odor. When it had filled the lodge with an obscuring haze which he counted on to aid him, Pawnee Bill stepped to the door, where he stood weaving in pretended faintness.

He saw that the Apache Kid had joined the Indians outside. He saw another thing, which he was quick to note and turn to account. The young chief he had before observed flung a wicked and vengeful look at the Apache Kid.

"Bad blood here," concluded Pawnee. "And both are chiefs. Perhaps they have been disputing as to which has the greater authority, for there can't be two in command in a place like this. Well, I'd bet on the Kid winning out."

Then the thought flashed on him that it was more likely they had been quarreling over the half-breed Tonto girl.

"Yes, that's it," he muttered. "Jealousy is the root of all evil, when it isn't the love of money. Here are two Indians who probably both want the same woman. I wonder how I can use that—if it is a fact?"

For a full minute he stood looking out at the Indians. In that brief time, though, he had made up his mind.

"You!" he said, using the San Carlos dialect, for the dead medicine man had been a San Carlos Apache. And he indicated both the Kid and the young chief.

Stepping back, he motioned to them to enter the medicine lodge.

They hesitated, because it was an uncanny place, but they obeyed, and left the other Indians muttering behind.

Entering into the thick smoke from the stuff that burned on the brass tray, the rival redskins dropped down on the roll of skins which the pretended medicine man indicated to them.

He sat down on another, facing them, where the thick smoke helped to obscure him.

Then he began in a mumbling voice, slurring his words as a further disguise, as he told them the spirits had been angry, and had given him so hard a time that his strength was gone, and he could hardly talk.

"It was about the prisoners," he mumbled. "I have been gone long. Tell me about the prisoners, so that I may know if I understood the spirits aright. Sometimes it is hard to understand the spirits; then it wears me out, as now."

The Apache Kid stared and was silent. But Floating Feather began to answer. The prisoners were all right, he said; both the white man and the Tonto maiden.

"But was there trouble?" asked the false medicine man, seeking information.

Floating Feather glanced at the Apache Kid.

The painted face of the medicine man, half concealed by the wolfskin, turned toward the Kid.

"There was trouble," said the Kid, using the San Carlos. "But I did not begin it."

"The spirits said there was trouble, and because of it I had little success. What was it about?"

"I did not begin it," the Kid declared again.

"It was about the Tonto," confessed Floating Feather. Pawnee Bill began to feel sure ground under his feet.

"It was not about the white man?"

"No," said Floating Feather.

"This is the will of the spirits, but it puzzled me; now I can understand why they were angry, and would often not speak to me even when I prayed longest. They are offended because the white man and the Tonto are here in our midst."

He made passes with the medicine bag to ward off the evil effects of the anger of the offended spirits, and shook the rattle for the same purpose.

"To-morrow," he mumbled, swaying with apparent weakness, as if he could hardly hold himself in a sitting position, "the lodges of the prisoners must be taken out of the midst of the others and planted afar off. It would be well if the prisoners were freed, but perhaps the spirits will not demand that. But to-night the prisoners themselves must be taken out, bound, and placed on the sloping ground beyond, a hundred yards away."

He had passed over that sloping ground.

"Was there a message of the pony soldiers, and of the men who follow Pa-e-has-ka?" asked Floating Feather.

"I saw the pony soldiers dimly, and Pa-e-has-ka not

at all. Pa-e-has-ka will be bewildered and led astray by the spirits and the pony soldiers will not come near if the will of the spirits is obeyed."

He swung the medicine bag and again shook the rattle. And as the powder was failing in the brass tray, he poured in more, and thickened the smoke.

"Now I must be left for a while," he said. "Again I consult the spirits, and shall tell them that the prisoners will be taken from the lodges. It will be done?"

Floating Feather answered that it would be done at once. The Apache Kid was silent.

The pseudo medicine man waved to them to depart, and they arose and went out of the lodge.

Listening and watching while he pretended to be consulting the spirits, Pawnee Bill heard his instructions being carried out. The girl went silently, without protest, and he saw her as she passed the fire, led by a warrior. A moment later Stuttering Tom passed along the same way, carrying the stone clog in his hands.

Pawnee Bill began to walk slowly round and round in the hazy smoke. At intervals he thumped the rattle and shook the medicine bag. By and by, as if his spirits had been roused, he caught from the wall the medicine man's drum, made of a gourd over which sheepskin had been stretched. It had shells and brass pieces fastened round the sides, and was to be struck with the fingers and shaken like a tambourine.

Dancing solemnly in the blue haze, Pawnee Bill began to beat the drum.

CHAPTER X.

THE ATTACK OF THE 'APACHE KID.

An Indian yell of rage broke in on the drum beating, and a painted figure that had darkened the entrance came leaping with wild-cat jumps upon the pretended medicine man.

It was the Apache Kid.

Keener of understanding, more penetrating of eye, and with a finer sense of hearing than any of his Apache followers, the Kid had not been satisfied with the appearance of the medicine man.

He had left the medicine lodge puzzled. At first he had been filled with an Indian's superstitious wonder at the effect the anger of the spirits had on the San Carlos sorcerer, and had been ready to accept the apparent weakness and the mumbled words as the outward manifestations of the severity of the inward struggle.

But as he sat, watching and listening, speaking little himself, his wonder passed into suspicion. But he thought if the medicine man was being impersonated, the impersonator was an Indian.

The consequences of a mistake were so terrible to contemplate that he withheld any expression of his growing distrust, for not only would the medicine man have been angered beyond all bounds, but the spirits would also have been angered.

Troubled by his suspicions, the Apache Kid, after departing from the lodge, came back to it, and stood just without the entrance, where he could look through the haze and behold the pretended wonder-worker.

It may be that Pawnee, feeling himself to be alone, dropped some of his caution; at any rate, the keen-eyed watcher decided that the walk of the wolf-robed figure was not the walk of a San Carlos.

Then he came to the conclusion that the walk was undoubtedly that of a white man. Generations of tiptoeing, stealthy hunters had bred a race that tiptoes with toes turned inward, the foot being placed on the ground softly, in a manner quite distinct from the straightforward, almost stamping tread of the white man.

From the feet the Apache Kid turned to the arms that swung the medicine rattle; then he studied the shoulders and the set of the body. He had known the San Carlos sorcerer reasonably well. It seemed to him that the man in the wolf robe, shaking the medicine rattle and poking at the air with the fetiched medicine bag, had stronger arms and thicker shoulders than the San Carlos.

Then the truth flashed on him like a beam of sunlight shot from behind a dark cloud, and he knew that the dancer he watched was none other than Pawnee Bill, whom he had seen and studied.

If his flaming rage had not got the better of his discretion the Apache Kid might have accomplished something now worth his while; he might have communicated his discovery to his Apache followers, and through a concerted attack made sure of the death of his great foe.

Instead, the animal-like instinct of furious rage made him dash into the lodge with lifted hatchet and Indian yell, and rush upon the pretended medicine man, with the intention of braining him.

But, quick as he was, the Apache Kid was not quick enough to catch Pawnee Bill napping. The Kid shot his hatchet at Pawnee's head as the scout turned, but a swing of the head avoided it, and the weapon went through the lodge skin behind.

A knife leaped into the Kid's hand as the hatchet left it, and he sprang, slashing, at the scout's breast. But a sweep of the arm knocked the knife aside, and the next instant the Indian and the white man went down on the floor of the medicine lodge, locked together and fighting furiously.

The Kid yelled again as he struck the floor, and tried to drive his knife into Pawnee's body. The scout turned the knife aside, but the point raked his skin and ripped open the wolf robe and his clothing.

With a flint he turned the Apache, and came rolling up on top; then his muscular hand got in its work on the Kid's throat. But the Kid still struggled furiously, though hampered by a weak arm that had received a leaden slug in it not more than six weeks before. Threshing his legs about, he tried to pull the scout's legs round with them, and turn him; but the pressure on his windpipe was weakening him. His breathing changed from a wheeze to a gurgle; then suddenly his straining body relaxed into a limp heap.

The wolf robe had been pulled from Pawnee's shoulders in the fierce combat; but he pulled it back and adjusted the headpiece, thus concealing his hair by the time this was needed.

The noise of the fight had reached the Indians squatting and talking by the dead camp fire, and several of them had come to the lodge opening, and now looked in.

To their amazement they saw the supposed medicine man binding the Apache Kid. He was using the sorcerer's rope of horsehair, a very sacred thing, which nightly the medicine man drew round him in a circle, to guard against witchery and evil spirits while he slept. That he was binding the Apache Kid with it was very bad medicine—for the Kid.

Fortunately these peering and excited redskins were San Carlos and friends of the San Carlos sorcerer, who believed he was wise above all men, and could do no wrong.

But the White Mountain Apache followers of the Apache Kid, joining the group now, raised a howl of indignation. One of them swept the lodge skin aside, and would have invaded the sacred place with drawn hatchet, but a San Carlos brave caught him and threw him back.

Then a fight took place at the entrance between the White Mountain and the San Carlos Apaches.

Pawnee Bill stood up, with headpiece adjusted and wolf robe over his shoulders, flung a look at the unconscious Kid; then stooped, and, as a precautionary measure, ran a loop of the horsehair rope between the Kid's jaws, and fastened it there as a gag. After that he caught up the medicine drum.

He was breathing heavily, for, though brief, the struggle with the Kid had been of a character to try his strength. He wondered if any others suspected him. Anyway, delays were dangerous.

So he struck the drum, pounding it furiously; for this was the time, while confusion reigned, for his friends to put through their several plans. That it might be heard clearly, he stepped to the entrance, where the Indians were clawing at each other, and there sent the drumbeats rumbling through the valley and along the hills.

A yell broke through the turmoil, penetrating as a bugle note, shrill and wild as the scream of a panther—the war cry of old Nick Nomad. It came from the corral. Following it a rifle cracked there; then came more yells, and a sudden thunder and pounding of many hoofs.

The corraled ponies were being released from their pen and stampeded.

The yells, the report of the rifle, and the noise of the pony stampede stopped the fighting before the medicine lodge. Some of the Indians began to run in the direction of the corral; others turned toward the lodge, as if for instructions from the medicine man.

He waved the gourd rattle, shook it in their faces, and pointed into the valley. The San Carlos raced away obediently, but the White Mountain Indians remained, staring stolidly at him, when they were not looking past him through the blue haze at the bound form of their leader.

Pawnee recognized them as White Mountains by the peculiarity of their paint and feathers, as well as by little differences of moccasins and clothing, which distinguished them from the San Carlos. So he understood.

For a moment he hesitated within the lodge entrance. The stampede was in full swing, but he had heard nothing of the other members of Cody's party. Glancing at the Apache Kid, he saw that he was still unconscious.

Assured that the Kid would not come out of it for a minute or two, and that for a time afterward he would probably be too bewildered to do much, Pawnee Bill waved back the White Mountain Apaches with the weasel-skin medicine bag and stepped forth.

Before he had taken three steps, the White Mountain Indians had entered the lodge, disregarding its sacred character, and had rushed to their prostrate chief.

CHAPTER XI.

LITTLE CAYUSE DISOBEYS ORDERS.

Little Cayuse seldom disobeyed an order. When he did, he fancied he had ample justification. In this instance he disobeyed, and his fancied justification was the peril of the black-eyed Tonto half-breed.

He proceeded to the corral with old Nomad to stampede the Apache ponies. Then thoughts of the girl whose black eyes had caught his vagrant and temporary affection tempted him from the task assigned.

Crouching with the old borderman, he listened at the corral gate for sounds from the lodges and the beat of the medicine drum. The summons of Pawnee Bill seemed slow in coming.

"Pawnee all same have mucho trouble," said the Piute.

"Wahh!" the trapper grumbled. "He ain't got thar pronto, but he's all right. Don't ye worrit about thet, son. When any ombray, red er white, gits ahead o' Pawnee, he's got ter git out o' bed ther day before yisterday. You hear me!"

The Piute twisted uneasily, and thought of the girl. Finally he drew the mustang hoof out of his war bag and began to rub it over his body.

"What ye doin'?" Nomad grunted. "Tryin' ter throw er fit inter ther Injun caballos?"

"Make um big medicine for Pawnee," returned the Piute.

"Fer yerself, ye mean. Better chuck thet mustang hoof out er sight an' git yer blanket handy ter flirt at ther caballos; you'll hear thet drum boomin' soon, ef so be nothin' has gone wrong."

"Little Cayuse all same hear somethin'," said the Piute. "What?"

The Piute had begun to crawl away, heading out toward the valley.

"Hyar; you come back pronto," Nomad shot at him in a high whisper. "This corral gate has got ter come down in er minute er so, an' I'm goin' ter need ye."

"Little Cayuse all same hear somethin'," came back in a whisper, as, serpentlike, the Piute slid on.

The something the crafty Piute heard rang only in his heart, for it was the call of the Tonto girl. Peril would soon be so thick about the Apache lodges that one could hardly miss it, and the girl would need him; so he was going to her.

Disregarding the fuming commands which Nomad sent after him, the Piute rose to his feet as soon as he was well out in the valley, and, dropping into a soft-footed Indian step, he headed for the lodges.

Before he got to them he heard the thumping of the medicine drum and the yells and rifle shots of old Nomad,

with the thundering hoofbeats of the scared ponies. It quickened his footsteps.

Drawing near the lodges, he discovered that confusion reigned. Pattering moccasins sounded. The Apaches were apparently frightened, and scattering.

An Indian form brushed by him, and, with swinging leaps, climbed a low slope. A scream rose, in the voice of the girl, in the darkness into which the running Indian had disappeared.

The Piute pivoted round and shot away in pursuit. Then the scream rose again, and once more he heard the Indian running, but his steps seemed heavy, as if he bore a burden.

The situation cleared in the Piute's mind. The Apaches had discovered that the white men were about to attack, and had scattered; and the Apache Kid was carrying off the Tonto.

"Little Cayuse just in time," he thought, dropping hand to hatchet as he raced on.

He called to the girl, using her name.

The pattering moccasins ahead of him stopped.

"All same Little Cayuse," he called; he could manage English better than Tonto, so he used it. "Little Cayuse here."

He, too, had stopped, and now stood bent forward, listening. He thought he heard a gurgle, as if the girl tried to speak, and a rough hand over her mouth prevented. The Piute jumped forward like a wild cat.

A shout came from a near-by cliff, in the voice of Buffalo Bill, who had reached that point with the baron and the Tonto warrior, and were hurrying to the aid of Pawnee.

It stopped the wild rush of the Piute, though it was not meant for him; and perhaps it saved his life, for Floating Feather, the Indian awaiting stealthily in the darkness, was scared by it, and swung round, to run in a new direction.

It was Floating Feather, the young San Carlos chief, who, in the moment of confusion, had rushed to the point where the Tonto girl lay, bound and helpless, by the side of Stuttering Tom, and, catching her up in his arms, had tried to carry her off.

As he turned and dashed off in his new course, with the frightened Tonto girl struggling in his arms, she pushed aside his heavy hand and uttered another scream.

"Ai!" the Piute yelled, following. "Little Cayuse, him coming pronto!"

He reviled the supposed Apache Kid, wasting his breath and his time thereby. His hatchet was in his hand, ready for a throw, but though he heard the laboring Apache directly ahead of him, he feared to hurl it lest it should strike the girl.

Again Floating Feather stopped, hoping the confusion which now boiled round the Indian lodges would keep the pursuing Piute from noticing it, and he would come on.

But the Piute stopped, too.

For a full minute the two Indians stood in the darkness, separated by less than ten yards, each staring through the gloom in the direction of the other.

Distinctly the Piute heard the heavy breathing which Floating Feather tried in vain to suppress, and heard also the struggles of the girl trying to free herself. But he did not again dash in. Though torn by anxiety and rage, his native cunning and caution had returned. What good would it do if he dashed upon the supposed Apache Kid, and in so doing received the Kid's hatchet in his brain? The girl would have no champion then.

When he heard the Apache go on stealthily the Piute followed once more. If he kept close an opportunity to strike without injuring the girl might come; and, anyway, he knew the Apache could not carry the girl far. Plump as a partridge, she was no lightweight, and her struggles to release herself were exhausting the chief who carried her.

But Floating Feather held on for a good half mile, when he turned sharply to the cliffs on his right, where, by a rough path, the top of the cliffs could be gained. For some minutes he had not heard his pursuer, though he did not imagine he had shaken him off; but he knew that he must rest before attacking the heavy climb.

So he placed the girl on the ground. The cords on her

hands and feet rendered her helpless. Then he stood by the cliff and waited.

But the Piute, Buffalo Bill's crack tracker, was not far off. He was bringing his cunning into play. Though moving as swiftly as the Indian he pursued, for more than ten minutes his advance had been noiseless. And when once more Floating Feather stopped, the Piute did the same.

He was lighter than Floating Feather, and more agile, and he had borne no burden; so he was not in the least winded.

But when he bent his head to listen, he did not hear the breathing of the Apache. Floating Feather had suppressed the sound of it, with an effort. But the Tonto girl was alive to the situation. She called out to the Piute, warning him of danger.

Floating Feather gripped tighter the handle of his hatchet, but he did not move.

"By the rock here," she called in Tonto. "He is waiting for you by the rock."

She had an ear pressed to the ground, and listened for sounds of the Piute's advance. In that position she could hear better than the Apache. But for a time she heard nothing. Then a sliding footfall came to her, not far off, faint as the dropping rustle of a leaf. She knew the Piute, was creeping upon the young chief.

"By the rock!" she warned again. "He is by the rock!"

She thought she saw the Apache stoop toward her, and she expected his knife, for she had done a thing calculated to rouse him to fury. Startled, she rolled over, and, finding that the shelf of rock fell away sharply, she gave her body another whirl.

Floating Feather took a step to follow her. Then out of the darkness a lithe form shot at him, and he saw the flash of the Piute's knife as it glinted back the faint starlight.

The young chief's hatchet swung at the Piute's head, but it overstruck; the keen blade missed, and the haft beat on the Piute's feathered crown. He had only time to beat aside the Piute's knife and clutch at his throat.

Down upon the rocks went the two young Indians, fighting like wild cats. Hearing them threshing about, the girl wanted to scream again; but she thought moccasin steps sounded out in the valley, and she lay quiet, trembling.

For five minutes the furious fighting went on; then one of the dark forms arose. She did not know which of the two men it was, and she trembled.

The dimly seen figure stepped toward her. Then a familiar voice whispered her name.

"It is Little Cayuse," she said, her words shaking.

"Ai."

"He is dead?"

"Ai. Apache Kid is dead."

"It was Floating Feather," she said.

"Wuh!" gasped the Piute.

"It was Floating Feather, the young San Carlos chief, and he was trying to carry me off, so that Running Wind could not have me."

"Wuh!"

"You understand," she said, still speaking in Tonto, "it was Floating Feather, and he was carrying me off—because he loved me."

The Tonto girl was a good deal of a coquette, after all. "Wuh!" ejaculated the Piute.

Then he went forward and ran his knife through the buckskin cords that held her.

"Wuh!" he grunted again, puzzled and ill at ease, as he helped her to her feet. "We go now and find Pa-e-has-ka!"

CHAPTER XII.

TOM KENNEDY'S ADVENTURES.

Stuttering Tom was having adventures of his own.

He had been carried out and placed on the slope beside the helpless Indian girl; and at the time he thought the opportunity for which he had longed had been wafted to him.

His hands from the first had not been tied, and it was thought the chain on his leg and the heavy stone to which

it was fastened prevented him from getting away. Once, and once only, he had tried to break the stone; and had received a rap over the head with a lodge pole that had knocked him senseless. And always he had been closely watched.

But because of haste or inattention the Apaches had apparently forgotten that his hands were not tied. He could not get the chain off his leg, but it occurred to him that he might untie the cords that bound the Tonto girl, and if they got off into the hills she would there help him break the stone, and perhaps they could escape.

But before he could accomplish anything the swift events of that memorable evening flowed over him. The beating of the medicine drum brought yells and a rifle shot and a thunder of stampeding ponies from a point down the valley, together with a general confusion. In the midst of it, and while he still tugged at the cords on the wrists of the girl, an Indian darted upon them, and, without giving him a glance, caught the girl up in his arms and made off with her.

Stuttering Tom fell back in amazed bewilderment. While he gasped his wonderment other Indians rushed by him. He did not know what was happening. And, of course, he had no hint which would lead him to suspect that the medicine man he had seen go into the big lodge was not what he pretended to be.

But in this confusion, when the Indian who had snatched up the girl had vanished with her, and Stuttering Tom seemed himself unnoticed and forgotten, it occurred to him that he was a fool if he did not try to escape.

So he rose softly, lifted the heavy stone, and hugged it in his arms, and turned toward the hills, recalling a spot which, when he had viewed it in the daytime, he had thought he could scale.

But Stuttering Tom was not forgotten.

One of the peremptory orders of the Apache Kid was that whenever an attack was made on him every prisoner he held must be instantly killed. It was one of the things which made him the Terrible Kid. So when, following the stampede of the ponies, Buffalo Bill's shout sounded on the rim of the near-by cliff, an Apache rushed out with a hatchet to brain the prisoners.

The Tonto girl was gone, of course; and the place which Stuttering Tom had occupied was deserted, though he was not far off. The Apache heard him, as he labored to gain the slope he had selected, and chased after him, with a yell of rage.

That was warning enough for the stutterer. Knowing what it probably meant, and knowing, also, that he could not escape by running, he turned at bay and stood in the darkness, with feet planted as firmly as he could get them and the stone lifted in his hands. He could not pitch it far because of the chain.

The next moment the pursuing Apache loomed before him, yelping like a wolf hound, and with hatchet uplifted. He saw the white man, launched the hatchet, and followed it with a panther leap.

The hatchet went over the head of Stuttering Tom, and the stone shot from his hands and smashed the Apache in the face. It was like the kick of a mule, and the Apache dropped.

"Kuk-killed him, I hope!" gasped the stutterer.

The Indian's Roman nose had flattened out like an African's, and a stream of blood shot from it; but he had not been killed. Dazed, he lifted himself, drew his knife, and tried to stagger to his feet.

"You w-will have it?" Stuttering Tom roared, and swung the stone again.

Missing the Apache, it jerked Stuttering Tom from his feet as it shot on, and the next moment he was on the rock, scrambling to get out of reach of the infuriated redskin.

Fortunately for his chances, the Apache had been so seriously hurt that he was a poor antagonist. He struck at the prisoner as the latter rolled on the ground, and fell in doing so.

Then a happy thought struck the stutterer. He had fallen on the stone, so, instead of trying to rise, he clutched it to his breast and went rolling downward.

The slope was steep, and he whirled like a revolving log. At the bottom, he tried to stop, but his momentum was so

great that he was shot from the rock down into the grassy edge of the verdure-clad valley.

He had heard a fury of sound, to which in the past few moments he had given no attention, though he believed that the Apache camp had been attacked in the darkness by Buffalo Bill's party.

Right ahead of him, as he struck the grass and twisted round to stop his flight, he struck against the legs of a man; the man went down as if catapulted, and Stuttering Tom rolled over him.

For a moment after that neither Stuttering Tom nor the man spoke.

"Well, I guess I kuk-killed him, anyhow," Stuttering Tom breathed at last. "He lul-lays quiet enough!"

The silent figure in the grass gave a quick flounce.

"Thet you, Tut-Tommy?"

"Nomad!" said the other.

"Ther same; wi' a laig broke an' an arm put out er j'int an' other damiges various. How'd yer do et?"

"Was that you I hit, Nun-Nomad?"

"Suthin' hit me like a tun o' stun; and then you spoke; an' as you're in the prezact place whar ther thing lit, I'm gamblin' et war you. Tell me erbout et; but fust erbout Buffler, and ther rookus in gin'ral. What's happened?"

Stuttering Tom climbed carefully to his knees.

"I dud-don't know what's happened," he confessed.

"Ye don't; wi' all this hyar howlin' an' shootin'? Sounds like a dog-an'-cat fight, with all ther fringes."

"Cuc-Cody has attacked the 'Pache camp?"

"I bet he has. An' et's time fer me to git inter ther game with him; so long's you cain't help me, I got ter buffalo along best way I can. But you shore did bu'st me! You've seen a steam injine hit a cow? Waal, thet was me; an' you was the steam ingine."

He began to climb to his feet.

"Kin I help ye?" he asked. "I reckon you war runnin' away frum ther 'Paches? The lodges an' ther fightin' is right off thar, frum ther sound."

"I'm chained to a big stone; but I don't s'pose you can break it; if you cuc-cuc-cuc-cuc——"

"Ain't got no time to cuckoo now, Tut-Tommy. You jest hide out, an' while you're thinkin' o' what et war ye wanted ter say, I'll slide on and see ef I cain't help Buffler."

He slid on, through the darkness, and Stuttering Tom was left alone again.

"I r-r-reckon that is good advice," he said. "I can't dud-do no runnin' with this stone chained to me, an' of course I can't git it off now. Cuc-Cody has attacked, and the Apaches aire skedaddling. From the shootin', I j-judge that s-s-somebody has been killed, too. Hope it's th-the Apaches."

Clutching the stone to his bosom, he rolled over and over, until he had put himself beyond what he considered the present danger zone. The awkward locomotion had tired him, and he lay silently in the grass, listening to the sounds.

He was near the bottom of the valley, at that point, and had strips of sky line to look out upon. So he could see the lodges, though not well, and he could see across the path which ran through the middle of the valley.

As he stared at the sky line there, with ear laid against the ground, he saw something that surprised him. The Tonto girl came running toward the lodges, her hand in the hand of a young Indian.

"Gug-great s-s-snakes," he whispered. "She is free; but he s-s-seems to be taking her back a prisoner."

Then he recognized the young Indian as Little Cayuse, the Piute.

A minute later Little Cayuse's war whoop sounded in front of the medicine lodge.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CAPTURED KID.

The White Mountain Apaches who had rushed into the medicine lodge to the relief of the Apache Kid found themselves hampered by the fact that he was unconscious. They stripped the lariat off his legs and the gag out of his mouth and carried him outside.

In a furious rage against the supposed San Carlos medi-

cine man, they looked about for him. His drum was sounding on the edge of the cluster of lodges. But their desire to rush upon him was held in check by two things: their fear of him as a medicine man, who might cast maddening spells on them, and the pony stampede, with the yells and the rifle shot which had preceded and accompanied it.

The San Carlos were falling into a state of distraction and fear. Their medicine man had gone crazy; for whoever knew of a San Carlos medicine man leaving his medicine lodge and hammering his drum on the edge of the village, and refusing to speak to them when they ventured to ask a question? Besides, he had inexplicably attacked and overthrown Running Wind, leader of the White Mountains, who lay now as one dead in front of the medicine lodge. Surely the spirits he so often supplicated had bewitched the medicine man, and he was crazy.

But worse things happened, and their confusion deepened into a panic of fright. The stampede was the work of white men, which meant pony soldiers, or the more dreaded Pa-e-has-ka. Then yells on the very rim of the cliff at one side of the lodge cluster showed that the white men were there also.

The white men came leaping down, right into their midst, shooting and screeching. The Tonto girl was screaming in the darkness. And the San Carlos medicine man himself, bewitched beyond all understanding, had stopped the thumping of his drum and was attacking his own followers.

When one of the White Mountain Apaches lifted Running Wind, who was still unconscious, and tried to bear him away, a bullet from a white man's rifle dropped the White Mountain before the lodge. Then some of the San Carlos, who had backed to the lodges, and had begun to shoot at the invading white men, began to fall in the same way.

The remaining White Mountain Apache by the lodge leaped off and escaped the bullets sent after him. And the San Carlos, deserted by their young chief, Floating Feather, who had vanished mysteriously right at the time he was most needed, lost heart and courage, and those not slain broke into wild flight.

The fight in the end of the valley was over in a time much shorter than has been occupied in writing about it, and the various incidents connected with it.

The Apache Kid came out of his senseless condition too late to take part in it, and found himself confronted with a revolver in the hands of the pretended medicine man, who sat before him, while the baron wound a coil of rope round the Kid's legs and body.

"Ach!" the baron was sputtering. "He iss vaking himself oop already yedt. He iss no longer inkinscious, so-o petter you look a liddle oudt. Unt here goes anodder nooses, dhis dime roundt his necks. Yaw! I pedt you he iss going to pe hung pefore he dies."

"Waugh!" Nomad grunted. "He shore deserves et."

The Apache Kid stared hard at the painted face of Pawnee Bill, by the light of a new camp fire.

"You didn't fool me," he said. "I know you!"

"You're a smart boy, Kid," said Pawnee, "but you'd have been a heap smarter if you hadn't tried to organize a plunderbund. You know white men, and you ought to have known that you couldn't keep' it up and not get caught at last."

The Apache Kid's defective eye fluttered scornfully.

"I haven't been hanged yet," he said. "And if you hadn't killed the medicine man and stole his clothing and played crooked, I wouldn't even be your prisoner."

"That's the way you look at it, eh?" said Pawnee. "Well, we didn't kill the medicine man; we found him dead, after he had been killed by a Maricopa; but we used his clothing, and other things. If that gives you any satisfaction, you're welcome to it."

The Apache Kid looked at the girl, who had been brought up to the camp fire by Little Cayuse.

"Where is the other prisoner?" he said.

He had not yet observed Stuttering Tom, who had been freed of his leg chain and the heavy stone weight.

Stuttering Tom attempted to answer for himself, and made a hissing mess of it:

"S-s-s-s-s——"

"The hiss of a snake becomes you!" the Kid shot at him.

Indignation straightened the stutterer's tongue.

"Sitting here, I am, is what I meant to say; and I'll be sitting with friends, in peace, when you're on your way to the Yuma penitentiary, or the gallus."

"Bah!" sneered the Apache Kid. "Save your breath, if you think you can scare me."

Later, when offered food, he ate it with apparently as much unconcern as if he did not foresee the probable fate in store for him. And that night he stretched out on the rocks where for a few days he had lorded it, and slept as soundly as any one there. And in the days that followed the callousness of the Apache Kid became noted.

The next morning Buffalo Bill's party struck camp and moved in the direction of the Teton Peaks, taking their prisoner and the Tonto half-breed. They took, also, as much of the supplies stolen from Jasper's wagons as they could well carry, and as many of Jasper's stolen ponies as they could capture.

A week afterward they were at Teton Peaks. Less than a week after that the Apache Kid, having been given a trial, was on his way to the Yuma penitentiary. The fact that he was an Indian had been urged in his behalf, and had saved him from a hanging.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE INDIAN JOLLIFICATION.

Down on the plains, by the Willow Springs, where the Tontos had camped and Little Cayuse had enjoyed their hospitality, rejoicing Indians gathered from far and near. Tontos had come by scores, all mounted and in their finest feathers, though many of them were scouts of the pony soldiers. And there were white men besides, dozens of them.

The occasion of this gathering was the restoration of the Tonto girl to her people, and the capture of the Apache Kid, who had struck at Tontos as well as at the white people he so hated.

If there were Indians and white men there by the score, there were ponies by the hundreds. And every Indian owner of a string of ponies was confident that in his string was a caballo that could race the hoofs off any other that could be brought forward.

Little Cayuse entered Navi, his beautiful pinto, for the races; and even old Nomad, catching the racing spirit, backed old Hide-rack to capture ribbons, glory, and money.

The races lasted for two days, and there were so many incidental happenings and mishaps, favoring some of the animals that seemed to have the least chance, that even the baron's old mule, before the racing ended, wore a big blue ribbon bunched on his paint-brush tail, to testify to the fact that even he had won out.

It tickled the baron mightily.

"Yawl!" he said, as he waddled round, smoking his German pipe. "Didn't I saidt it? Vhen he vandts to, dot mool can shake his feedt at any caballo vot efer valks."

"Thet's et," laughed Nomad. "You said et; he can, mebbeso, when he wants to, but till now he never has wanted to; an' et was at a walk; you couldn't call thet runnin', baron. Ther caballo what run ag'inst him war plumb locoed."

"Idt iss nit so," the baron protested. "But Hite-rack—vot dit he do?"

"He won a race, by jupiter."

"Yeast so, I seen it. Bush before dot race he iss run I seen you cadt pehint der stable, laying feerty tellars to der Indian vot iss owning der offer caballo, so dot Hite-rack couldt noht fail to vin. Ach, Nomad," he slapped the trapper on the shoulder, "you ar-re joost an old shnide!"

Nomad cackled.

"So ye seen et, baron, an' I didn't think ye did! Waal, ther critter hed ter have a blue ribbon ter ornament his mane, didn't he? I'm bettin' you paid thet other Injun a hundred before ever you was able ter put yer mule over the line a nose ahead."

But there were other things than racing. For instance, there was much Indian gambling, for to a redskin feasting

and horse-racing and the like are vain things compared with gambling.

And at the wind-up there was a feast, with the Tonto girl garlanded and flower-crowned as the queen of it, and Little Cayuse permitted to sit beside her and help himself freely to all the good things brought their way. Nothing passed them.

Buffalo Bill was there at the races and at the feast, of course, with Pawnee Bill and Stuttering Tom, as well as Nomad and the baron. And, to add to their happiness, Wild Bill Hickok rode down from Tucson, where he had arrived the week before, and took part in the general hilarity.

Altogether, that gathering at the Willow Springs was a thing to be long remembered.

THE END.

"Buffalo Bill at the Copper Barriers; or, Pawnee Bill's Cave of Aladdin," is the story for the next issue, and it is one of the most romantic and fascinatingly mysterious tales we have ever given you. The Bills and their pards journey into a strange, wild part of old Mexico, and find themselves involved in a series of uncanny adventures, which exceed in mystery all the tales of old Nomad about his famous "whiskizos," and tax the courage and ingenuity of the scouts severely to find a safe way out of their difficulties. The story will appear in No. 268. Out next week.

This number will also contain the serial story, which grows more exciting with each installment, and the feature news stories from all parts of the world. Don't fail to get your copy.

FIGHTING THE RUSTLERS; Or, Ted Strong's Race with Death.

By EDWARD C. TAYLOR.

(THIS INTERESTING STORY BEGAN IN NEW BUFFALO BILL WEEKLY No. 261. If you have not read the preceding chapters, get the back numbers which you have missed from your news dealer. If he cannot supply you with them the publishers will do so.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

FIGHTING AGAINST TIME.

It was moonlight, and the trail over which the heavy wagon was slowly lumbering gleamed white as snow. The prairie on either hand looked like a swaying sea of silver, for a faint western breeze was passing over the long buffalo grass, and it was moving uneasily, like the waves of the ocean. Old Miss Elkins had left her position on the hard seat of the wagon.

"You say that we will reach Ceriso about midnight," said she, "and that there is no danger here, as the Indians will never come down this far. But I must say that I don't fancy two women taking long night drives like this. I never did it when I was younger, back in Bridgeport."

"But I suppose you have to put up with that sort of thing out West here. I guess that I am as well able to stand it as any one. The Elkins girls always were good at roughing it, although. Heaven knows they were brought up to have everything just to their hand. But I am sleepy now, and I think I will go and lie down on the mattress there, inside the wagon. I need my sleep regularly, and I am able to sleep most anywhere. The Elkins girls were always good sleepers. Wake me up if any Indians should show up."

"If Indians showed up, I guess that they would wake you without any assistance from me at all," said Rose; "but they are not coming. Another hour and we will reach the trail that leads across this one. Another hour after that and we will reach Ceriso. Then we will be all safe and sound."

"I'm sure I hope so," said Miss Elkins, "but I must say that this is a mighty queer country that your father

brought you and your mother to live in. None of the Elkins girls were ever brought to live in a place like this before. If I had him here now I would just like to give him a piece of my mind. Wouldn't I talk to him, though! The Elkins girls never did mince matters when they got mad."

"You might just as well go to sleep, aunt," said Rose; "I'm not tired, and I can drive right along."

"All right, then," said Aunt Elkins; "stop the wagon, for I am not going to move about in it when it is going. It would make me seasick to do that. I am awfully seasick sometimes, although my great-granduncle was the captain of a ferryboat that ran from Boston to Chelsea, back in Massachusetts. It's a funny thing, though, the Elkins girls always were subject to seasickness."

Rose pulled the horses to a standstill, and the old lady scrambled back and disposed herself on the mattress that Ben Tremont had thrown on a part of the wagon floor that had been reserved for that purpose. Then the wagon jogged along as usual, and Miss Elkins, so far as Rose could see, fell sound asleep.

In the meantime, Rose Casey sat on the hard wagon seat, holding the reins of the jogging horses and leaning forward with her elbows on her knees.

Although she had told Aunt Elkins that she was not tired, she was tired, very tired, indeed, for she had put in a hard day of it, and, besides, she was worried a good deal about her cowboy lover, Jack Malone. The horses could drag the heavy wagon at nothing faster than a walk, and they plodded along steadily, needing little or no guidance from the person who sat on the seat. The head of the girl, crowned with its clusters of dark hair, fell lower and lower on her breast, and presently she was sound asleep.

Slowly and steadily the horses jogged along. They were nearing the crossing of the two trails now, the spot where the wagon trail to Ceriso ran across the Indian path that led to Tonto Pass. It was along this path that Swiftfoot and his braves, some mounted and some afoot, were coming. He had made his detour to throw off the scent any parties that might have been sent after him, and he was hurrying his men along, anxious to effect a junction with the Fort Crook Indians, who were to meet him at Tonto Pass.

His warriors were nothing loath. They had danced the scalp and mixed the war medicine brewed from herbs, whose essences intoxicated them and aroused all the brutal cruelty of their natures. They had seen the signs and omens of their great chief Swiftfoot, the young man whose hot-headed counsels had aroused their desire for war in their hearts, and whose advice they had taken in preference to that of the wiser and older chiefs of the tribes, who had argued for peace.

And why not? For was he not a great medicine man? Had he not made signs and wonders before their eyes? Had he not made the water boil without fire? Had not he, a young man, laid a plan of campaign shrewder than any that the warriors of old time had planned? Was he not even now leading them against their white foes to overwhelm them utterly?

Silently and stealthily they moved along the trail; the chief himself, his war bonnet on his head and showing its great crown of feathers in the moonlight, his war lance tipped with flint and winged with feathers from end to end in his hand, rode ahead. Behind him came other young chiefs and mounted men, and then braves on foot. Those in front carried cheap rifles that William had sold them for outrageous prices, and which were likely to explode in their hands when fired. Those behind carried their scalping knives, and some of them carried bows and arrows tipped with flint and iron.

As silently as so many red tigers stalking their prey, one hundred and fifty of the braves tracked along the narrow path. They were eager to meet their red brothers at Tonto Pass. Then they would unite; then the day of vengeance against the whites would be at hand.

The Indians were marching southward, toward the pass. Rose, asleep on the seat of her wagon, with her aunt slumbering on the mattress inside, was going toward Ceriso. Each was coming straight toward the other, and they would meet at the crossing of the trails. Behind

them, miles back on the trail, was a pale-faced young man, with glittering eyes, mounted on the back of a laboring pony. The horse was in a lather of sweat, but the rider was urging it on like a fiend, careless of the road or the dangers, peering straight ahead into the darkness with eager, wide-open eyes.

"Wake up! wake up! Drat it! Why won't you wake? But the Elkins girls were always such sound sleepers."

These words were sounding in the ears of Rose Casey, and a sharp umbrella was poking her in her ribs when she recovered consciousness. She started up in affright, thinking for a moment that the Apaches were upon her; but a moment's reflection convinced her that an Apache would not be likely to refer to "the Elkins girls" in his conversation. She turned to find Miss Elkins facing her from the inside of the wagon.

"There's a fellow chasing us from behind," she said, in a whisper; "I don't know whether he is an Indian or not. But I can hear him come a-galloping and a-galloping. He'll surely catch up with us pretty soon."

Rose Casey listened.

Behind her she could hear the even rhythm of a horse's hoofs galloping and galloping nearer and nearer, as Miss Elkins had said. At first Rose thought of urging her horses forward. She knew that the crossing of the Indian trail to Tonto Pass was not far away. Then, on second thought, she knew that she would never be able to get away from this galloping horseman, who was coming so quickly through the night. Besides, it was only one man, and she knew that the Apaches would not come one at a time.

She checked her horses, and Miss Elkins, with dauntless pluck, picked up the big shotgun that lay in the wagon, and, raising it to her lean, old shoulder, pointed it back into the darkness. Louder and louder sounded the hoofbeats of the horseman; nearer and nearer they came, and at length his black figure appeared in the moonlight, leaning far over the neck of his animal, which was lurching and staggering madly forward.

"Halt!" cried Aunt Elkins, all a-tremble with excitement, but as dauntless as ever. "Halt! or I'll shoot this gun. The Elkins girls were always good shots. Tell me who you are and what you want."

The dark horseman pulled up his staggering horse and raised his hand in the Indian "peace sign." The two women in the dark recesses of the wagon were trembling with fright, but a moment later they heard a voice that sounded sweeter than music in their ears.

"It is Ted Strong," said the rider. "I have come after you to warn you that you are running right into a war party of Apaches, who have gone around by a detour. You will have to turn back. No time to lose. The crossing of the Tonto Pass Trail is not three hundred yards ahead of you. Wheel your horses, Rose. The Indians will reach here soon, and we will have to lie low, to let them pass."

There was not a minute to lose. Ted had caught the wagon just in time, and he now rode to the leaders and wheeled them around, and the creaking wagon moved backward.

"No time to go far!" panted Ted. "Those Apaches are due about now, and we must take to cover quick. There is a hollow down on the right into which we can drive the horses and where they will be out of view from the trail to Tonto. The Indians will be hurrying along in that direction."

Rose noticed that Ted's horse was in a lather and almost spent, that the young cattleman was pale and tired looking himself, and she was curious to know about the ride that he had taken. But she knew that it was no time to ask questions. She did as Ted ordered, and the creaking wagon was led down into a leafy hollow, where it was almost surrounded by trees and hidden in a black shadow. They were none too quick. Ted, after disposing of the wagon, climbed up the slope and lay down in the grass. Rose Casey, without a word, followed him, and together they peered out over the edge of the slope.

The moon was still shining brightly from a cloudless sky, and before them the Tonto Trail could be seen as it ran to the southward, at right angles to the road which Rose Casey had been following. Presently from far along

this trail came a queer, muffled sound, and then all was silence. Rose trembled like a leaf, and Ted Strong noticed it. He laid his hand on her arm, and at that touch she was still. Suddenly out of the shadows of the elder bushes that fringed the trail, out into the open space of the crossing of the trail, came a mounted figure, silhouetted black in the darkness, silent as a ghost, and moving forward steadily.

It was Chief Swiftfoot, and Ted and Rose could see the outline of his figure, his lofty, plummy war bonnet, his feathered lance as he held it poised in his hand like a marshal's baton, his blanket-wrapped form as he sat erect and silent in the saddle. Behind him came figures, black as night and silent as ghosts, blanketed and feathered, in a long procession, some on horse and some on foot. In the ghostly moonlight these warriors seemed less, or more, than human, they moved so silently, with such unflagging regularity, that it seemed a procession of automata or of spirits, perhaps, and, looking at them in the moonlight, it seemed to Ted as if some frieze, picturing a band of ancient warriors on the march, had suddenly come to life and was moving past him.

It took a long time for the Apaches to pass. Ted counted one hundred and fifty of them. He knew that the chief was leading them forward to Tonto Pass, and he knew that his dear friends and comrades, the young range riders, were lying in wait for them there.

Presently the last Indian disappeared into the shadows, and Ted heard a great, long-drawn sigh of relief from the girl at his side. Then came a sudden gasp, as of fear. He looked forward again, and saw before him, in the road, the mounted figures of two Indians coming down the Ceriso Trail toward them. Chief Swiftfoot had heard a strange noise on the Ceriso Trail. He had not understood it, and he had sent two of his braves back to investigate.

Their present course would take them right into the hollow where Ted Strong and the two defenseless women lay. Ted knew what that would mean—short and sharp work with the scalping knife and mutilated corpses lying silent and bloody in the grassy glade.

"Stay here," he muttered to Rose; "and, above all things, keep quiet. I am going forward to handle those fellows. If they find us here, and get a chance to raise an outcry that their companions can hear, it would be all up with us. I must go forward and put them out of the way."

Ted started to crawl up the bank—his horse was tethered down in the hollow with the wagon horses—when he felt a restraining arm, soft and warm and strong, thrown about his neck. Rose Casey knew the danger that Ted Strong was running into better than any Eastern girl could know it. She forgot herself entirely for a moment in the thought that the young roughrider was going off to die. Her only idea was to preserve his life at all costs, and the strength of her feeling had driven all thought of what she was doing out of her head.

"Let me go, Rose," whispered Ted; "I will be back, all right. You don't want your aunt killed."

For a moment she held Ted, looking straight into his eyes, a great struggle going on within her breast. Then, with a sudden impulse, she leaned forward and kissed him full on the lip. A moment later Ted was crawling silently up the slope, his face flushed and hot, feeling ashamed of himself, he knew not why.

The sight of the two Indians in the path before him called him to his senses. There was a grim reality about their black figure that put to flight at once any sentimental reflection.

The moon was setting now, and behind the two Indians, so that their figures stood out clearer against the sky line. This fact made it necessary for Ted to be very careful about taking to cover, for the Indians had a comparatively clear view of everything before them. They were walking their horses slowly down the path, and Ted crawled up a bluff that ran along one side of it. He had his lariat at his side, and he uncoiled it and laid it open in a great wide loop.

"I will choke all the noise out of one of them with this," he muttered, "and I will have to use my revolver on the other."

He drew the weapon, looked to the load, and laid it on the ground beside him. He had little longer to wait, for the next moment the Indians were in the path beneath him. Ted threw his lariat, saw it drop about the head of one of them, and pulled hard on it. There was a faint, gurgling sound, and a faint thud as the Indian was thrown to the ground. Ted raised his revolver to fire at the other, who had half turned in the saddle.

To his surprise he saw him yanked off his horse as if a lariat had been thrown about his neck. A moment later Ted heard a movement on his left, and saw a man leap out of the shadows into the trail and bend over the Indians, striking savagely at their heads with the butt of a revolver. This man had been concealed in the underbrush at the opposite side of the road, and had evidently lassoed one Indian while Ted had handled the other.

Ted noticed the savageness of the blows that he struck at the prostrate forms, and reflected that there would be no need to bind those Indians. He could not understand who this man could be, but finally decided that it must be some one from the new settlement who had been late in leaving the dangerous country and had been cut off like Rose Casey and her aunt by the passage of the Apaches along the Tonto Trail.

He dropped down from the bluff and marched openly across the trail to meet this man. There was no danger from Indians now, for he knew that the main party, at the rate at which they had been moving when they passed, must be far away by this time and well on toward the pass.

As Ted stepped forward, the man rose from bending over the prostrate savages. The moon shone full in his face, and as Ted looked at it he saw that it was savage with rage, and that the man was glaring at him with the bitterest expression of hate in his eyes.

It was Jack Malone, the sweetheart of Rose Casey!

CHAPTER XIX.

A SIGNAL OF VICTORY!

"Jack Malone!"

Ted Strong pronounced the words in amazement and alarm. He had fought with Malone once before, for Malone was savagely jealous of the girl to whom he was engaged and had accused Ted of tampering with her affections.

"Yes, Jack Malone," said the cowboy, in a low voice, advancing close to Ted. "I came here a-lookin' fer you. Accusations has been made against you. People told me that you were havin' a fine time with Rose an' that you had her in love with you now, an' was jest laughin' at her. People hev told me that. I came here to find you, and ran inter these reds. Then I saw you an' Rose. I was lyin' near the hollow there, an' I saw all that passed. I suspected you once before, but between ther two of ye ye pulled ther wool over my eyes. Ye can't do that no more. I saw what ther danger was from the reds, and I helped ye get rid of them. They've both got fractured skulls, I guess. An' now you will have to fight me."

"Who made these charges against me?"

"Fellers what useter be friends of yours—Earl Rositer an' another chap. But it's no use ter talk."

Malone advanced savagely and suddenly, and, without any warning, sprang at the throat of the young range rider.

He was so wild with rage and jealousy—that most maddening of all the passions—that he forgot the weapons that he wore. He seemed to want to kill Ted with his bare hands, and, before the young roughrider could do anything to save himself, he had fastened a terrible grip at his throat.

Ted struggled and tried to free himself. But it was like struggling with a madman, for Malone, for the time being, was mad with rage and jealousy. The young roughrider had been riding hard all day, and was tired out.

He felt the breath leaving him and knew that he would soon be choked to death in the fierce struggle. For a moment the two tugged and strained. Then Ted thought himself of tripping his opponent, and twisted his leg around behind that of Malone. The two rolled over

on the turf, and the struggle was continued with silent ferocity.

Ted knew that his case was desperate, and tried to get his hand down to his belt to draw his knife. He had thoughtlessly left his revolver lying on the top of the bluff, where he had placed it to have it in readiness to fire at the second Indian.

He managed to get one hand free for a moment, and struck his opponent between the eyes. Malone saw a thousand stars, but he did not loosen his bulldog grip on Ted's throat. Ted felt his nails digging deep into his flesh; he felt his senses reeling, his breath going from him. Malone turned and twisted and rolled over, bringing Ted down underneath him. Then he placed one knee on the chest of the young roughrider, holding him still by one hand at his throat.

Ted felt that he was done for. He still struggled feebly, but he felt that it was of little use. His chest ached terribly, sharp pains shot through his head, and flashes of light seemed to dart before his eyes. He felt that he was sinking down into the sea and that the waters were rising about him. What mattered it now whether the young roughriders were able to hold Tonto Pass? What mattered it now whether Rose Casey and her aunt were saved? What mattered it now about anything? A great weariness of the world and everything had come into his mind; a great desire for rest had come into his heart. He could struggle no longer; his breath had left him; he was dying—dying—

Then suddenly the choking sensation at his throat relaxed and the weight on his chest went away. Malone was struck heavily over the head and fell backward, stunned.

Ted looked up and saw in the moonlight the face of Miss Elkins.

"I hit him over the head with my umberell," he heard her say, in a faint, far-away voice. "Rose was for shootin' at him, but I saw he was no Indian, an' I sneaked up behind him. I tell you he's knocked out now, and it's that worthless scamp, Jack Malone. The Elkins girls always could hit a hard blow."

Ted sat up and stared. At the same moment he heard a mingled noise of shots and shouts from the direction of Tonto Pass. His heart beat with enthusiasm and excitement, and in spite of his weakness he rose to his feet and cheered feebly. He knew that it was his young roughriders engaged with the Indians, and doubt as to the outcome of the battle never entered his mind.

He was still tottering and swaying. He saw the figure of Rose Casey leaning on a shotgun and of Miss Elkins leaning on an umbrella.

"The worthless good-for-nothing," said Miss Elkins. "Think of Rose wanting to marry such a man."

"He's not worthless and not good for nothing," said Ted; "he was simply crazy with jealousy when he attacked me. Enemies of mine had been poisoning his mind."

"Well, I never!" said Miss Elkins. "To think of your defending that feller that near choked the life out of you!"

"Sit down for a minute," said Ted, sitting weakly down himself. "I want to talk to you. I have a whole lot to say."

All three sat down, and when Jack Malone came to himself he found that his head was resting in the lap of Rose, and that Miss Elkins and Ted were in an argument about Jack, and, wonder of wonders, that Ted was defending him and urging on his marriage with Rose! He listened in wonder for a while, and then a great sense of shame and contrition came into his heart, for he saw that he had suspected Ted wrongly. And Ted talked well as the three sat there in the rays of the setting moon.

Finally Miss Elkins turned to Rose.

"You are sure you want this man?" she said; "after all you have seen of him?"

"Sure," said Rose, stroking the forehead of Malone, on which there was a great lump, raised by the hard handle of Miss Elkins' umbrella.

"Then I guess I will have to agree. I know you never can be shook in your decision. The Elkins girls always were dreadful set in their ways. He is not

worthy of you, but the Elkins girls never could find people who were worthy of them."

"I agree with you, madam," said Ted. "If all the Elkins girls are such trump cards as you and your niece, they must be the finest family that there is in America."

"Of course they are," said the old lady, briding up, "and I am glad to see that you have sense enough to appreciate the fact."

At this moment Ted leaped to his feet, waving his hat in the air.

"Victory!" he shouted. "Look there!"

All turned to look, and saw in the direction in which Ted was pointing a great rocket soar up into the air in graceful flight, curve downward, and disappear once more in the blue of the sky.

"That's from the soldiers," said Ted. "That is the signal that Colonel Remsen promised me if our Indian trap was successful. The young roughriders have held Tonto Pass and have gained the victory. That ends the Apache uprising."

"Hurrah!" cried Rose, waving her gun in the air.

"Good for the range riders!" cried Malone, sitting up and waving his hat.

"Three cheers for the Elkins girls!" shrilly screamed Miss Elkins, forgetting what she was saying in her enthusiasm.

Ted had read the signal aright. In the morning the Indians had found themselves hemmed in by soldiers, and surrendered without another shot. Swiftfoot had advanced into Tonto Pass only to meet with a withering fusillade of rifle bullets that seemed to rake every corner of the pass. He had retreated to find his rear blocked by the blue-coated boys of Uncle Sam. And with daylight's approach he had surrendered.

CHAPTER XX.

AFTER THE WEDDING.

Before a fortnight had gone by Rose and Jack were made man and wife by a clergyman at Ceriso. Needless to say that Malone had grasped the hand of Ted Strong, and that the young range riders were guests at the wedding reception.

On a warm afternoon the day after the happy event the seven young cattlemen were stretched out on the grassy summit of a high hill known as Copper Mountain, situated about fifteen miles from Ceriso. They were resting themselves after their ride.

A clump of giant redwoods, centuries old, no doubt, towered above their heads, and on the other side of the trees their horses, hot and tired after the long ride, were staked out so that they could graze and roll about on the grass at will.

The sky overhead was cloudless, but there was a fresh breeze blowing from the westward, and it was cool and pleasant up there on the grassy slopes of Copper Mountain.

Ted himself was looking over a map of the surrounding country, which he had bought in a store in Ceriso that morning. Ben Tremont was lounging by his side, puffing drowsily away at his little black pipe. Bud Morgan was seated on the grass, a little distance off, plaiting the loose strands at the end of his long rawhide quirt. Bean Pole was feeling his pulse, looking anxiously into the face of a large Waterbury watch which he carried, while chipper little Bob Martin and fat, sleepy Carl Schwartz were watching him gravely.

"Bad," said Bean Pole; "very bad. My pulse has gone up two or three degrees during the last minute. I cannot understand it. I must be running into a fever. It is very alarming. I wish to goodness that I had a clinical thermometer here."

"What's the matter with you, anyway?" growled Ben Tremont, who, in his half-comatose condition, had not quite heard what Bean Pole had said.

"Matter enough," said Thad. "If I am not greatly mistaken, and if my prognostications are correct, I am surely running into a very violent attack of yellow fever."

"Rubbish!" said Ben. He knew that Bean Pole was always imagining himself the prey of some deadly disease; and he knew, also, that Bean Pole was as healthy

and well as he was himself, and that is saying a good deal.

"Rubbish nothing!" retorted Bean Pole. "My prognostications have surely some certainty about them. I have been making a study of yellow fever in the medical books; and let me tell you that I have all the symptoms; every one of them. If you felt as I do, you would be lying on your back."

"That is just what I am doing," said Ben Tremont placidly.

"Vos iss der brognosticationers?" asked Carl Schwartz.

"Those are the signs by which you judge whether you have a disease or not," said Bean Pole. "In other words, when you make a diagnosis you prognosticate as to your future condition."

"That is a splendid explanation of the term," chirped little Bob Martin. "As Shakespeare says: 'Plato, thou reasonest well.'"

"Who iss Blato?" queried Carl.

"He was a Greek philosopher," said Bob. "As Shakespeare says—"

"Look here, fellows," said Ted Strong, sitting up suddenly, "do you know that it is only a ride of about twenty miles from here to the town of Salt City?"

"I don't know id pefore, bud I know id now," said Carl; "but I don't care oof I do know it."

"What difference does it make, anyway?" said Ben Tremont; "what is the use of bothering our heads about the distance? We are not going there, anyway."

"How do you know we are not?" said Kit Summers. "I think it would be a bully ride."

Ben Tremont groaned and puffed out a thicker cloud of smoke.

"Just when I was settling down to a little comfortable rest," he said, "you fellows start in proposing another ride. What would take us over there, anyway?"

"Plenty," said Kit Summers. "It is a town worth seeing. And, besides, there is something more. Ted knows about it."

Everybody looked at Ted.

"Speak up, Ted, and don't keep me in this nerve-racking suspense," said Bean Pole. "You know yourself what havoc it plays with my constitution."

"Let's hear it," said Ben Tremont. "Let me hear the worst at once. I suppose it is something that I will have to get up and hustle about. I might have expected that, of course. I never get comfortably settled for a nice nap but something turns up to make me jump up and half sweat myself to death. You fellows are too energetic. That is what is the matter with you."

"Nothing of the sort," said Bean Pole; "we don't get exercise enough."

"But what is it as Ted has ter tell us?" said Bud Morgan, looking up from his quirt. "Jumpin' sand hills! let's hear it."

"Yes," said Bob Martin. "As Shakespeare says: 'Ope thy ponderous and marble jaws and tell us something that will knock us pie-eyed.'"

"Go on, Teddie," said Carl Schwartz; "dell us all apoud id, anyvays."

"I'll read you the letter," said Ted, drawing an envelope from his pocket and opening it. "It is from Mr. Miller, whom we left back at the Las Animas Ranch. I found it waiting for me in the post office in Ceriso this morning."

Then Ted read the letter, which ran as follows:

"DEAR TED: The last letter I received from any of the young range riders was dated Ceriso, so I suppose that you are still there. Mr. Rossiter and myself have planned to take a trip through to the coast, and we leave to-morrow. We would like to run up to Ceriso to see you boys, but, as you know, the town is off the direct line of railroad, and we cannot make any stop over at it because both of us have to be in San Francisco on business by the end of the week. We pass through Salt City, I notice, and the train stops for two hours there for dinner, as there is no dining car attached to it. We shall be there at about three in the afternoon on Monday.

"If you boys thought of taking a ride over there, you

might meet us. My daughter Daisy and Louise Rossiter are very anxious to see you all. They are going with us, and it is at their suggestion that I write this letter, telling you of our route. Kate Lamont, a young lady with whom you are acquainted, I believe, is with us and is going through to the coast, also. Everything has been doing very well at the Las Animas Ranch since you boys left it. The herds are in fine condition. You know you fellows promised to take one of the herds northward later on in the year, and I hope that your business will allow you to get back to Las Animas soon. However, we can talk that all over when we meet, on Monday. I hope that some of you, at any rate, will be able to find time to get over to Salt City as you pass through. The girls send their best regards. Yours truly,

"GEORGE MILLER."

"Himmelblitzen!" exclaimed Carl; "unt ve vill see der girls again! Dot iss goot. Unt dot girl, Kade Lamont. I dell you, poys, she is britty nice. Unt I tell you what, she vos in lofe mit me, I dinks."

"What makes you think that?" said Kit Summers sharply.

"She always laugh ven I come aroundt. Dot shows how habby she iss ven I am aroundt, unt her peing habby ven I vos aroundt shows dot she lofes me."

"That is most excellent reasoning, in its way," chirped Bob Martin, "but it doesn't weigh much. That's the trouble with it. There is one defect in your line of argument. You think because she liked you once that she will like you as well when she sees you again?"

"Bedder!" said Carl confidently.

"But you must remember she has never met me."

"Vell, vot oof id?"

"A great deal. Can it be that you have forgotten how fascinating I am to women? Is it possible that for the moment you have lost sight of the fact that to the average young girl I am perfectly irresistible? Is it really true that you are forgetful of my fatal gift of beauty? Beauty, as Shakespeare says, 'Beauty truly blent, whose red and white nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on, and truly never did there breathe a maid who could resist making goo-goo eyes at me.' You forget, also, my great charm of manner, my gallant bearing, my lofty and distinguished courtesy, my diplomacy, my personal magnetism, my wonderful hypnotic powers, and my eagle eye. If you remembered all this you would realize that it would be impossible for any girl to dream of thinking of any one else while I was around and visible to the naked eye."

"You are so small that you're not visible to the naked eye at any distance," said Ben Tremont.

"You iss talking foolishness. How could der girl like you ven she nefer seen you yet alretty? Hey, answer me dot alretty yet."

"I am famous," said Bob, placing one hand on his breast and thrusting out his foot; "already my fame as a range rider has penetrated to all the four quarters of the globe. Already half the girls in America are sighing their hearts out over me, and those who have had an opportunity to see my classic features in a photograph are simply crazy about me."

"Go easy, there, Bob," said Bean Pole in Bob's ear; "you never met this girl, but she is a dandy. We knew her before you joined the young roughriders. And Kit is very fond of her, and you know what a hot temper he has. If he hears much more talk about her, there is liable to be trouble."

Bob glanced over at Kit Summers and saw that his face looked very black.

Bob's mouth closed up with a snap. In the meantime Ted had risen to his feet.

The other boys had gathered close about him.

"Who's in it for the ride to Salt City?" he asked.

An affirmative shout went up, in which even Ben Tremont joined, and a moment later the boys were busy saddling up and preparing their horses for the journey. It did not take the boys long to saddle up, for they were experts at this work.

"We will have lunch at Salt City," said Ted, "and there is a little ride before we get to it, so it's up to us to hurry up. Mount!"

As one man, they swung themselves into their saddles, and a moment later their horses were picking their way down the steep side of Copper Mountain.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ORIGIN OF "POUNDS STERLING."

How many folk who work every day in the year, who use the phrase, "pounds sterling," are aware of its origin? Probably not one in a thousand. Yet the adjective "sterling," which, apart from its commercial sense, has come to indicate worth and genuineness, has a curious historical significance, and is a distinct survival of the times when England did not weigh so heavily in the balance of power as she does now. In the fourteenth century the trade of the known world was, almost without exception, in the hands of the Hanseatic League. Within this league there were many towns, most of which coined money, some using better metal than others. Lubec, a Baltic city, made the best money, and the English merchants, who even then knew a good thing when they saw it, used to contract for payment in the "moneys of the Easterlings"—Easterlings being their name for the Baltic merchants. Shortened for convenience, the word still obtains, and has all its original force.

FOR THE LIVING, NOT THE DEAD.

A story is told of an English clergyman who owed his appointment to a rich living to a lucky pun. He was tutor to the son of a nobleman, and had not long taken orders, when he attended the funeral of the rector of the parish in which the nobleman's seat was situated.

The father of his pupil was patron of the living, and was also present at the funeral of the deceased rector. There was a young clergyman present also whose grief was so demonstrative that the noble patron was much affected by the sight, and asked if the young man was a son of the deceased gentleman.

"Oh, dear no, my lord—no relation at all," said the tutor.

"No relation!" exclaimed the nobleman, in a surprised tone.

"None, my lord; he is the curate, and I think he is not weeping for the dead, but for the living."

His lordship, who was something of a wit and cynic himself, was so delighted with the bon mot that he conferred the living upon the ready punster.

CECIL'S RAGING TOOTHACHE.

Cecil was suffering from a toothache, and his mother was endeavoring to calm him preparatory to the necessary visit to the dentist.

"You'll be a brave boy and have it out, won't you, dear?" she pleaded. "It won't hurt much, and then the ache will be over."

But the unhappy child continued to howl his protest. Then his brother, one year older, came to his mother's aid.

"Aw, go on and have it out," he said. "What's the matter with yeh? Don't you know it'll be one less to clean?"

SMALL MEN MADE LARGE.

Discoveries that may result in human beings attaining any desired height, with corresponding weight, and that may provide a way to retard effectively the growth of cancer and other malignant growths have been announced at the University of California.

Prominent in the discovery is the isolation of a substance—etholin—produced at the base of the brain. Doctor T. B. Robertson, professor of biochemistry, says this substance produces growth.

With the isolation of this substance, the natural supposition is entertained that its administration to human beings

is an imminent possibility, and that this administration may be expected to produce an increase in the size and weight of the body; to renew inhibited growth, and to promote advance toward normal size in stunted bodies.

Supplementary experiments by Doctor T. C. Burnett indicate that the substance is in a large measure responsible for cancer, and that it may ultimately become possible to control the cancerous growth by inhibition.

NEW METHOD OF STOPPING PARESIS.

Salvarsan, administered directly into the inner cavity of the brain, may be regarded as one of the most advanced and hopeful methods of arresting the destructive progress of paresis, officials of the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital announced in a formal statement. Their conclusion, they say, was based on a number of experiments made at the hospital.

By the method used at the hospital, it was said, an opening is made through the skull and the dura of the brain, and then, with a blunt, hollow needle that is passed directly through the tissue of the brain to the main central cavity, salvarsan is conveyed directly to the cerebro-spinal fluid in the main cavity of the brain.

From there it is carried by the circulation of the cerebro-spinal fluid throughout the entire cerebro-spinal system. By thus reaching every cell of the brain with the salvarsan preparation, a uniform effect is produced.

Out of fourteen patients who have undergone the operation, four have been able to resume their occupations, according to the hospital authorities.

ORIGIN OF "BLATHERSKITE."

"Blatherskite" is an Americanism, or, rather, an old word which has survived chiefly in American usage. The way it came to be popular here is curious. It is really the old Scottish "bletherskite," from "blether," to talk nonsense—old Norse "bladhr," nonsense—and "skate," a term of opprobrium. In the song "Maggie Lauder," written about 1650, occur the words "Jog on your gait, ye bletherskite;" and this song was a very popular one in the American camp during the War of Independence. Hence the vogue of the expressive word, in its Americanized form. "Bletherumskite" was the Irish version early in the nineteenth century.

LIFE OF WOODEN TELEPHONE POLES.

The average life of an untreated seasoned pole depends so much upon the kind of timber, its condition when set, the character of the soil, and the climatic conditions, and these are all so variable that a definite statement as to the average life is difficult. Most companies can closely estimate the average life of their poles as controlled by their local conditions by referring to their pole records. The average throughout the country, however, is apparently somewhat as follows: Cedar, thirteen and one-half years; chestnut, twelve years; cypress, nine years; pine, six and one-half years; juniper, eight and one-half years.

ARGUED THE POINT.

A man's self-respect may help him to rule his own spirit. A broker having failed to persuade the manager of a marine-insurance company to take a certain risk, became rude and offensive.

The manager, who was noted for his courtesy, kept his temper, and remained so calm that a bystander asked him:

"How did you manage it?"

"The easiest thing in the world," replied the manager, his eye twinkling with fun. "I said to myself, 'Hush, there is a fool in the room.' Then I said to myself, 'Shall I double the number? No; that would be a pity.' Very simple, you see."

THE NEWS OF THE WORLD.

Masher Arrested by Girl.

"How do you do, sis?" affably inquired Roy Fike, thirty, an automobile salesman, of Bloomfield, New Jersey, as he passed Miss Emma Richter, of Walnut Street, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in front of the William Penn Hotel, late the other night. "Want to take a little walk?"

Miss Richter, twenty and pretty, paused and glanced about to see if there was a policeman near. There wasn't.

Bang! Fike was sprawling on the sidewalk, dazed by a blow with Miss Richter's hand bag. The athletic young woman regarded the fallen masher triumphantly and again looked about for a policeman. None was in sight, and Fike was making unsteady efforts to regain his feet. Miss Richter suddenly seized him by the coat collar, and, amid encouraging comments from a crowd that quickly gathered, started dragging him toward the Central Police Station. Fike resisted, but it was useless, and his struggles only provoked derisive remarks.

Before Miss Richter had gone far enough with her charge to get really tired, she met a policeman, to whom she transferred the masher.

Police Commissioner Alderdice complimented Miss Richter.

"If more Pittsburgh girls would do that, the mashing game would be broken up mighty quick," he said.

In police court, Magistrate Sweeney let Fike off with a reprimand.

Apaches on Warpath.

Apache Indians in the Amchas Mountains, fifty miles northwest of Globe, Arizona, are on the warpath, and the largest two asbestos mines in the district have suspended operations, according to a telephone message summoning help, which was received at the sheriff's office in Globe, Arizona, recently.

The manager of one of the mines informed Sheriff Tom Armer that leaders of the uprising had called out all Indian mine workers and that they were completely beyond control.

Deputy Sheriff Dan Armer, at the head of a band of mounted rangers, departed at once for the Sierra Anchas.

A call was issued by the sheriff for cowboys to hold themselves in readiness for duty in event the rangers are unable to quiet the Indians.

A forest ranger who rode twenty-five miles over rugged mountain trails to reach a telephone informed Sheriff Armer that forest fires were being started in the vicinity of the mines, and that attempts to burn mine buildings were prevented only by guards.

According to the ranger, two I. W. W. organizers have been active among the force of one hundred and fifty Mexicans and Indians employed in the district. The ranger's statements were corroborated by Manager Tiffany of the mining companies.

Man, Seventy-six, Runs Away to Be an Actor.

J. C. Wiles, seventy-six, ran away from his home in Sandusky, Ohio, recently, to become an actor. Relatives thought after his disappearance that he had gone to his former home in Lawrenceburg, Indiana, to visit friends,

but a letter from Wiles came, stating he had joined the Old Soldier Fiddlers at Erie, Pennsylvania, and is playing a Chautauqua circuit as a member of that organization. Wiles' son-in-law, John A. Himmelein, is a city commissioner in Sandusky. His daughter, Mrs. Himmelein, was on the stage until five years ago, playing under the stage name of Beatrice Earle in repertoire productions.

"Dead" Man Returns Home.

When Michael Shilling returned to Tiffin, Ohio, recently, he experienced the unusual sensation of reading the inscription of his own headstone in the cemetery.

One year ago Shilling disappeared, and a few days later a dead body, found in a grove near this city, was identified by friends as that of the missing man. After the customary inquest, it was buried as that of Shilling.

Shilling's friends were surprised when he returned alive and well, after an extended sojourn in the southern part of the State.

Four-dollar Watch Runs Three to Hospital.

Hillery Hill, by ethnological classification a West Indian negro, by occupation a marine steward, and by habitat a dweller at No. 100 West One Hundred and Forty-third Street, New York City, sallied forth one afternoon with the rather harmless purpose of purchasing a four-dollar watch. By the time he had completed his shopping he had weathered a mob, started a panic, and supplied three working subjects for the young men who trek to the volunteer hospital to see what is done for ambulance cases by latter-day surgery.

It was about the time when brokers begin scurrying around to the banks to get their checks certified that Hill became seized with the ambition to own a new watch. He sought Nathan Rosenfeld, a peddler abiding at No. 5 South Street, and imparted word of the yearning for possession that beset him.

Nathan had a watch that would tick all right, and in which the wheels went around like the works of a pacifist's head. He sold the watch for four dollars. Hill was not satisfied with his purchase and went back to make an exchange. Rosenfeld wouldn't make the swap, and then the big doings started.

Hill hit the peddler. When his victim was down, he proceeded to make the blow earn compound interest. As the itinerant time vender was being pounded, along came Morris Corney, of No. 97 Eldridge Street, who undertook to get into the class of the blessed by becoming a peacemaker. But peacemakers are not popular this side of Stockholm. Hill drew a long knife of the kind that is used in his native land and started to carve the new arrival. When he had slashed Corney, he started on his merry way.

He fled after the fashion of the Moros when they go on a juramentado, brandishing his long knife at those who would fain bid him pause, and collecting a large and enthusiastic following en route. He drew from every window he passed the fire of the inmates. Inkwells, bottles, sticks, and all sorts of improvised weapons went flying after the darky.

Up Whitehall Street he went like a Jersey commuter

trying to catch the five-fifteen. The crowd grew. Somebody threw a brick that bounded off of the man's head with small damage to the brick and none to the head.

As he passed the customhouse, a football player tackled him low, but Hill squirmed out of the grasp and went around to see what the stone ladies who sit constantly before Mr. Dudley Field Malone's office were doing.

Then a sniper, cleverly concealed about the terrain somewhere, potted the fugitive. There was the pop of a rifle or an automatic pistol, and a bullet sped to the negro's leg. He doubled up in a heap at the feet of a policeman, and the mob watched the end of the chase from a safe distance.

Nobody knew whence came the sniper's shot. There was no trace of man or weapon to be found in the neighborhood. The ambulance corps gathered up Hill, Rosenfeld, and Corney and transported them to the volunteer hospital.

The four-dollar watch alone continued to run.

Car Jumps Into Ditch.

Horace Waldron, aged twenty-one years, was painfully but not seriously hurt when his Ford car in some manner went into a drainhead.

Waldron had been calling on a young woman in Kokomo, Indiana. When he went home he was going, he says, at only a fair speed, and another car crowded him close to the edge of the road. The car struck the culvert and leaped into the drainhead.

Waldron was thrown through the wind shield, but by a miracle escaped serious injury. The car in some strange manner was found standing upright on its radiator, rear wheels in the air. It was badly smashed. It was purchased only a few weeks ago.

Masked Men Hang Frank Little.

Frank Little, member of the executive board of the Industrial Workers of the World, and leader in labor troubles in Arizona, was taken from a lodging house in Butte, Montana, by masked men and hanged to a railroad trestle on the outskirts of the city.

The body was cut down at eight a. m. by Chief of Police Jerry Murphy, who identified it.

After his arrival in Butte from Globe, Arizona, Little, in speeches to strikers, attacked the government and urged the men to close the mines of the Butte district. He was bitter in his denunciation of the government. His record was under investigation by the Federal authorities. On the other hand, the report was current that Little was in the employ of a detective agency, and one theory was that he was the victim of the radical element of whom he appeared to be a member.

Little took a leading part in recent labor troubles in Arizona. He addressed a letter to Governor Campbell, of Arizona, protesting against the deportation of I. W. W. members from Bisbee. This letter was written from Salt Lake. Governor Campbell replied, telling Little he resented his interference and his threats. Little was understood to have the confidence of William D. Haywood, secretary of the I. W. W. national organization, and was regarded here as one of Haywood's confidential agents.

Little was a cripple, but active and a forceful speaker. On Little's body was a card bearing the words: "First and last warning. Others take notice. Vigilantes."

Little wore only his underclothing. He is not known to

have made any outcry or demanded an explanation. On July 19th, before a mass meeting of miners, Little referred to the United States soldiers as "Uncle Sam's scabs in uniform." In the same speech he said: "If the mines are taken under Federal control, we will make it so hot for the government that it will not be able to send any troops to France."

After the identification of Little's body, Butte members of the I. W. W. telegraphed appeals for aid. A message was sent to William D. Haywood at Chicago, and others went to I. W. W. organization leaders in the Southwest and Pacific coast. It was said that a message was received later from Haywood, saying the resources of the organization would be employed to bring the lynchers to justice.

Apartment Dust Paralyzes Monkey.

Doctors Montrose T. Burrows and Edwards A. Park, of Johns Hopkins Hospital, throw some interesting light on an epidemic of infantile paralysis which caused consternation in one of the apartment houses in Baltimore last September and kept some of the occupants in quarantine. In this house nine of eleven children who were associated there were stricken with the disease or at least showed the symptoms of infantile paralysis.

A test was made in which dust, lint, hair, hairpins, and a few seeds found in the apartment in which some of the children lived were placed in a jar. The sweepings were covered with a small amount of normal saline solution and left to soak overnight in the jar, which was tightly sealed. The mixture was passed through a Berkfeld filter, and the filtrate injected into a monkey which had been in the best of health for years. The monkey first showed a weakness in the left hind leg, then in the right hind leg, and soon began to develop the other symptoms of infantile paralysis.

Before the experiment could be carried out to its conclusion, the monkey fell and fractured his skull.

Impostors Swindle Russians.

Among the novelties which Russia's revolution has presented to the world is the profession of fake assassin, says a dispatch from Petrograd. In other countries, only persons suffering from hallucinations claim to have committed murders of which they are innocent. Here, as a result of Nicholas' overthrow, posing as an assassin is a highly profitable, if transitory, branch of business.

Terrorists released from Siberian convict jails and exile villages are naturally made heroes of. They are given free train accommodation, free dinners, free clothes, and gifts of money. When they reach their native towns, they are acclaimed as martyrs of liberty, and they receive proposals of marriage from attractive and wealthy women. As a result of this novel condition, many enterprising citizens whose hands are innocent of anything grimmer than mud or ink are posing as murderers of despotic officials. Women as well as men are entering the profession.

Catherine Smirnoff, who announced that she had murdered M. Ivanoff, governor of Odessa, and described with pathos her sufferings in the arctic wastes of Yakuts, has been arrested in Minsk. Smirnoff levied tribute and was presented with bouquets. An unkindly inquirer discovered that Odessa never had a governor named Ivanoff, and further that Catherine Smirnoff had posed in Odessa as a Sister of Mercy, and, after swindling seventy charitable citizens, had been expelled by the military authorities.

In the same city a healthy young man who described himself as a soldier volunteer arrested in the street the invalid ex-Governor General Pilliu. Before a sympathizing crowd he denounced the general. "I am the innocent and unhappy man whom you seized," he exclaimed; "the peaceful citizen whom you sent to a convict prison without trial. Our committee has ordered you to be sent to the front, but in view of your bad health we shall show some mercy." In vain General Pilliu explained that he had never seized any innocent man. He was hauled by the mob to the militia office. The volunteer, meantime, collected money and fled.

The militia at once released the general. From Siberia, which a Russian proverb described as the "land of credulity," similar cases are reported.

Thrilling Man Hunt in Mexican Town.

A thrilling man hunt which began in San Antonio nearly three months ago, and which led the pursuer and the pursued through southwest Texas and into the trackless regions of Mexico, has come to an end with the arrest at Victoria, Mexico, of two alleged deserters from the United States army, according to a telegram received by Sheriff John W. Tobin, of San Antonio, from W. W. Burns, whose brother, Leo Burns, was killed on the night of May 14th while driving a party of soldiers to Venormy. Sheriff Tobin and the dead man's father, J. F. Burns, left for Victoria with requisition papers.

The day after the killing of Leo Burns, two soldiers deserted from Fort Sam Houston. W. W. Burns went on their trail, keeping the sheriff's department here informed of his movements. He followed the trail through the forests of Tamaulipas and finally located two men on an island bordering that coast, far from civilization, reaching their camp by threading the islands in a chartered launch. Leo Burns' body, with the head crushed in and bearing a bullet hole, was found lying by the roadside. His car was found far from the scene of the tragedy.

The case was a mystery until several persons were arrested and persuaded to make statements purporting to explain how Burns had been killed.

After Two Years' Hunt Sleuths Arrest Man.

After a search lasting over two and a half years, the third member of the gang of holdupmen who on January 30, 1915, at the point of revolvers bound and gagged three clerks in the pawnshop of Adolph Stern, Eighty-fifth Street and Third Avenue, New York City, and robbed the safe of diamonds and jewelry amounting to thirteen thousand dollars, was arrested.

The prisoner, Antonio Saieta, twenty-three, a chauffeur, was brought back by Detective DiMartini from Sacramento, California. The police say that he confessed his part in the robbery and also admitted that he and a man who is still being sought placed the bomb that exploded in front of the home of Barnett Baff, the murdered poultry dealer, at Arverne, Long Island.

A girl with whom Saieta disappeared following the holdup of the pawnshop returned recently to New York because of cruel and inhuman treatment she said she received at the hands of Saieta.

Acting Captain Jones learned of her return, and after a few days' search located her. She was questioned, and readily gave information that caused Jones to telegraph to Sacramento for Saieta's arrest.

Saieta was held to await the arrival of Detective DiMartini with a bench warrant. When arrested, he admitted his part in the holdup and said he was glad the suspense was ended.

Following the robbery of the pawnshop, the police learned that Morris Dickler, one of the clerks who was bound and gagged, was implicated. His arrest followed, and he was later sentenced to State's prison for a term of four years and six months. Tony DeLally, another one of the robbers, was arrested and sentenced to a term of from three and one-half to five and one-half years in State's prison.

Upon Saieta's arrival in New York in the custody of the detective, he was taken to the Third Branch and questioned. He told the police that four thousand dollars' worth of uncut diamonds, his share of the robbery, had been left by him in a closet in his home.

Detectives hurried to his home and were surprised to find a little paper bag containing the diamonds.

He said Dickler, the clerk, concocted the plot for the robbery, and stated that he, DeLally, and another man still being sought were hired by the clerk to bind and gag the occupants of the store and divide the proceeds.

Saieta was arraigned before Judge Mulqueen in the Court of General Sessions and pleaded guilty to robbery in the second degree. He was remanded to the Tombs without bail to await sentence. Jerry Stern, son of the owner, and one of the clerks bound and gagged, appeared as complainants against him.

Saieta was taken before Assistant District Attorney Dooling and questioned regarding his activities in the Baff case. He imparted valuable information that will be used against several men awaiting trial and will probably result in the arrest of others.

As a result of the Saieta's statement that he placed the bomb which wrecked Baff's home, the grand jury in Queens returned an indictment against him.

Auto Derails a Locomotive.

An innocent-looking five-passenger automobile—a low, rakish roadster—knocked a Penrose Railroad locomotive from the tracks at a point about fifteen miles west of Pueblo, Colorado. The automobile, beyond a broken wind shield and battered front, was not seriously damaged. Miss Edna Hawke, a Pueblo school-teacher, was slightly injured.

Man Reported Dead Is Very Much Alive.

After being reported several months ago as dead, Frank Flowers, late of Woodland, California, has been seen alive in Monterey, where he was supposed to have died.

Some time ago, Mrs. Flowers began suit for divorce. She repented, according to friends of the family, and "made up" with her husband. Seeking to put an end to the divorce action, she sent a telegram to Woodland, saying that her husband had died suddenly. The report was believed here.

The couple were married here ten years ago.

Terrapin Alive After One Month in Ground.

While E. E. Touey and Patterson Touey, his father, were working in a cornfield, they came across a terrapin, which they captured. They placed it between the rows of corn, after scooping out a hollow in the earth and placing a large rock weighing about twenty pounds over

it, proceeded with their hoeing. At night they went home without recalling the terrapin incident.

They soon were working in other fields, but just one month after imprisoning the terrapin it occurred to them to go and look for it. They found it precisely as they had left it. When the stone was removed, the terrapin proceeded to crawl away just as if nothing had happened to check his terrestrial meanderings.

Films Cause Tragic Fire.

Trapped in a furnace of death-dealing flame and smoke, a mother and her two children fought bravely for life when their home, 1028 Linden Avenue, Baltimore, was wiped out by fire.

The husband, who is employed at Camp Meade, could not be located up to a late hour this afternoon.

The dead are:

Mrs. Nora Lally, the mother, who died at Maryland General Hospital.

Eleanor McAndrews, twelve-year-old daughter of the woman by her first husband, Bartholomew McAndrews; who at the time of his death was a member of the liquor firm of Martin & McAndrews.

Marceline Lally, one-year-old daughter of Mrs. Lally's present husband, Eugene Lally, employed by the government at Camp Meade. The baby died at the hospital a few minutes before one o'clock. The older girl was dead when carried from the burning home.

Thrilling rescues were made of the woman and her baby by a citizen and a soldier, and Deputy Fire Chief Burkhardt braved the flames and smoke in a wild effort to save the twelve-year-old girl, but when he brought her body to the street it was seen his bravery had been in vain.

Shortly after nine o'clock in the morning, Mrs. L. McDaniels saw a burst of flame from the lower windows of the house and rushed across the street to help the woman and her children, who were at the second-story front window, crying frantically for help. With unusual presence of mind Mrs. McDaniels caught up a heavy ladder from a near-by yard, and, with the aid of Theodore Riley and Theodore Spencer, a member of the First Separate Company, the colored military organization, threw the ladder against the front of the building.

The two men, braving the fire and smoke, made their way up the little ladder, and, holding to each other, reached for the baby being held out to them; hanging head downward and held by one foot by the frantic mother, who was fast losing her hold.

One of the men took the baby and handed it to the other, and it was cared for until the police patrol arrived and took it with its mother to the Maryland General Hospital. The baby cried as if its little heart would break and the mother lay sobbing, but half conscious. When they arrived at the hospital, the mother was able to talk, although very weak. The baby brought tears to the eyes of the nurses when it vainly endeavored to open its eyes. The mother died at three o'clock.

Mrs. Lally, as far as is known, and her two children were caught in the blazing room as they tried to escape from the window. The firemen arrived in time to aid the two men in the last stage of rescue of mother and baby.

Then word went about that another was in the burning house, and Chief Burkhardt rushed to the ladder

and entered the room, which was a blazing furnace. The hundreds who had gathered about held their breath until he appeared at the window with the limp form in his arms. A cheer arose, but died down when it was realized that he had been too late. Men and women let the tears roll down their cheeks unnoticed and many turned their heads and left the scene of death and destruction.

The firemen in the meantime had turned dozens of streams of water into the furnace from both back and front, but the flames had got such a grasp on the house that the fight was futile, and not until the entire interior had been eaten up did the flames subside.

As far as can be learned, the fire started in the cellar, where a large number of moving-picture films were stored. The house was occupied, besides Mrs. Lally and her family, by Joseph Henry, who conducts a moving-picture theater at Betterton, Maryland, where he is now said to be, and he had stored the films in the Baltimore house. Just what started the flames will probably never be known, but the films—one of the most inflammable substances known—practically exploded and spread the blaze in all directions.

Police reserves were hurried to the scene to keep back the crowds, and a number of soldiers from the Fifth Regiment Armory did excellent work in aiding the department.

The two heroes—Riley and Spencer—were showered with praise for their valiant efforts.

Employees of the Home Friendly Society, at 1026, next door, were obliged to leave the building, and the organization will suffer some loss from smoke and water. The destroyed house is owned by Henry Kessler, who resides at the Y. M. C. A.

Traffic was delayed on the Linden Avenue lines for some time, but the cars were soon being relayed to other lines in the neighborhood.

Several firemen had narrow escapes from injury from falling glass and bricks, but, aside from a few scratches and bruises, none were injured.

While the fire was blazing its fiercest, a large American flag hung limp from the window of the first floor. The firemen passed their ladders about it without harming it until it was knocked down by accident, and later hung from the window of the next-door house.

The loss has not been estimated. A pet dog is believed to have lost its life in the fire.

Wild Man in Jersey Swamp.

New Jersey's wild man evidently ate of the lotus, its leaves, roots, and flowers.

For seven years he has lived the life of a lotus eater, and has done nothing but catch cats, pick blueberries, and comb his bronze beard.

For seven years he has not been known to speak to a person, and his kingdom, in the midst of an almost inaccessible swamp, has been isolated from the outside world.

At Mizpah, New Jersey, six miles from May's Landing courthouse, a strange man recently stepped from the edge of the pine swamps, clad as Robinson Crusoe must have been clad.

Later the same day this bronze-bearded man walked into a grocery in Buono, five miles away. He pointed to lard and said he was hungry. He was given a dish

of lard and stale bread. The lard he ate with relish, but he only nibbled at the bread. Then he slipped away.

Old residents, who have seen this man off and on for years, have never learned his name or where he came from originally.

"The wild man" entertained visitors yesterday—his first in seven years—in his rude hut four miles from the nearest road and in the heart of a swamp that can only be crossed by leaping from log to log.

The hermit offered his callers wine made from berries, a sandwich of berries put between mushrooms—or toadstools, it may be—and the dried leg of a cat for lunch.

The few persons who have found his hut have reported that he always scampered into the woods at their approach.

Yesterday he was about to vanish when he was asked for a match.

He turned his head, and then the noblesse oblige of the "wild man" of the swamps conquered his bashfulness and he dived into his hut. He brought forth a handful of burned match sticks, one good match stick, and the tattered stump of a stogie. He struck the match, shielded it in the approved fashion, and offered the "light."

His beard is a burned umber brown, turning to bronze in patches as the sun catches it. His hair is the same shade, and long and curly. His clothes are of no particular period, but rather a crazy quilt patched together with binding yarn. The man wears no shoes ordinarily, but after he had given the match he dressed up by putting on a pair of clogs.

Was he lonely? "I am a farmer," he said, in a strong German accent.

"When did you come here?"

"Seven years ago," he muttered. He talked slowly and looked at the ground.

"Why did you come to this inferno of mosquitoes?"

"See that roof, it needs tar paper," was his answer.

"Can a person get anything to eat down here?"

"Come."

He went into the thicket and showed a new hut he was building and picked up a sandwich made of mushrooms and berries. This he shoved into the visitor's pocket. The garden he pointed to had nothing in it except nicely arranged stones.

Inside his hut, hanging by their tails, were the mummified remains of cats. One small window about a foot square admitted light to the six-by-ten-foot shack. Dry leaves were spread on the floor.

Where the man came from, why he was living in the heart of the swamp, how he lived were questions which fell on deaf ears. He did not answer them, but kept talking about tar paper and his blueberries.

He acknowledged he had been in Germany by a nod of the head, and he muttered a name that sounded like Stroub.

Runs Naked for Ten Years.

After running naked on a secluded isle of the Santa Barbara group for ten years, during which time he lived, as his ancestors had lived thousands of years before him, on fish, mussels, and game killed with a stone hatchet. Christian L. Bayer is now a soldier of the United States.

They told Bayer a decade ago in Burlington, Iowa, he had tuberculosis and his days were numbered. But when he came to San Francisco, to enlist, he passed a perfect

physical examination and was at once accepted. The life of a cave man had effected a complete cure. He stripped down and showed a body as tanned as his face.

Bayer is a native of Denmark, thirty-nine years old, and weighs one hundred and sixty-two pounds.

Gold Ring Found on Pigeon's Neck.

Arthur de Muth, a pigeon fancier of Stella, Montana, is deploring the love of his birds for jewelry. Recently he lost a valuable ring while attending the pigeons.

He tried advertising in the local papers, but it was futile. Recently, however, while out among his birds, he saw his ring around the neck of one of the birds.

De Muth told friends that he would guard the pigeon carefully and wait until it died to recover his ring. He cannot remove it from over the bird's head, and is considerably mystified as to how it got around the pigeon's neck.

Cannibal Eskimo Confesses.

Sinnisiak, one of two Eskimos from the Bloody Falls country, on trial in Edmonton, Alta, Canada, for the murder of Father Rouviere and Father Lerous, has confessed to the crime.

Sinnisiak told how he and Uluksuk, the other defendant, were engaged by Father Lerous to draw his sleigh through the Copper Mine River district; how, during a terrific storm, they quarreled, and how he—Sinnisiak—becoming frightened, slipped a knife between the priest's shoulders.

Father Rouviere fled, but made slow progress through the drifts, and soon was shot down by the Eskimos, who, with ax and knife, cut up the two bodies, eating the livers, according to the confession.

The Eskimos were returned for trial recently after a two years' search by a little group of Royal Northwest Mounted Police over a three-thousand-mile trail through the wildest of the North country.

From India for Draft.

Thomas F. Patterson, aged twenty-seven, traveled six thousand miles to register and be drafted. To-day he is a certified member of the National Army.

Patterson is seeing America for the first time since he was six years old. He was born in Cleveland, and, when six, his father, A. W. Patterson, took him to France, where he was sent to school. Later he lived in Portugal; but after his education had been completed his father took him to India.

He was in India when the United States declared war. He started immediately for Cleveland, and arrived here three weeks before registration day.

Meet and Marry Within Single Hour.

Fred Breidenbach and bride were recently the principals in an unusual wedding which followed an unusual courtship.

For a year, Breidenbach, in Chicago, and Mrs. Lily Verde Pope, in Macon, Georgia, carried on their courtship by correspondence. Neither had seen the other. Then came the date for the wedding. Also it was the date on which he was to meet his bride for the first time. The Chicago man left for the South.

Mrs. Pope, a tall and slender widow, was at the depot. Out of the crowd of incoming travelers a man approached.

There was an exchange of glances, and, both taking chances on mistaken identity, the man and woman embraced and kissed. They were correct in their guesses.

In another minute the party was whirling away to the home of the Reverend R. A. Wade, father of Mrs. Pope. At two a. m. the marriage ceremony was performed, an hour after the first time they had seen each other.

Finds Rooster on Auto Horn.

Ambrose Putt was awakened by the blowing of an automobile horn in his garage at Wellington, New York. He hurriedly dressed, and, armed with a revolver, went to the garage and found a rooster roosting upon the horn.

Putt says the rooster was asleep and that the noise of the horn did not disturb him.

Charges Own Mother.

Alleging that her mother, Mrs. Marion Tyler, has refused to deed back to her eight lots in Nord, this county, which were transferred to defendant in 1914, without consideration, Mrs. Irene de Monforte, of Nord, California, has filed suit to recover the property in the Butte County superior court.

Mrs. de Monforte declares the property was deeded to her mother to prevent the former from losing it. Now the mother refuses to give it back. Several buildings are also included, and it is further alleged that a son of Mrs. Tyler is influencing her in her action.

An injunction to prevent the sale of the property also is asked.

Recovers Memory After a Year's Absence.

After an absence of almost a year, during which he was supposed to have been dead, John P. Quinn, a former rug buyer for the Famous & Barr Company, of St. Louis, returned to the home of his daughter, Mrs. Ray F. McNally, recently.

Quinn, who is sixty-eight years old, told his daughter that his disappearance was due to a strange lapse of memory, which began last September, while he was on a fishing trip near Kilbourn, Wisconsin. He said that while rowing upon the Wisconsin River he became ill, and when he attempted to gain the shore, he fell, unconscious, into the shallow water. He believes that he was cared for by some person in the vicinity, but remembers nothing of events which followed his illness.

Recently, while in Chicago on a street previously known to him, he became cognizant of his surroundings. He had only nineteen dollars. He came to St. Louis, arriving here one morning. He went to the former home of his daughter, but found that the house was closed. He found the new address of his daughter on McPherson Avenue, where his wife was staying.

Quinn held policies in three life insurance companies, amounting to seventeen thousand dollars, and of this sum fourteen thousand five hundred dollars settlements had been made by the companies. Immediately upon his return the three companies were notified of his reappearance.

Live Turkey Breaks Up Meeting.

The free-for-all fight which followed the throwing of a live turkey into a meeting of "Holy Rollers" in a tent in the suburbs of Lodi, California, resulted in the ar-

rest of Albert Pope and Ralph and Albert Armstrong, local young men. They paid fines of ten dollars each in Justice of the Peace J. H. Solkmore's court on charges of disturbing the peace.

A similar charge has been placed against Reginald Reynolds, for whom the officers are seeking.

During the mêlée, Reverend E. Booth-Clibborn, leader of the Pentacostals, or "Holy Rollers," was struck in the jaw and all but floored. Officer G. Kiesar was summoned, but comparative quiet had been restored when he arrived.

Motorists Rout Bandits.

Bandits attempted to hold up an automobile party returning to New Brunswick, New Jersey, from Keansburg early one morning recently. The attack occurred in a wooded spot on the road about half-past two o'clock.

As the car, driven by William Jolly, of Spotswood, approached the spot, the men suddenly appeared and ordered him to stop. One of the men jumped on the running board.

Mr. Jolly put on full speed, while his companion, William Jack, hit the bandit with a club, knocking him headlong from the car. A volley of shots was fired after the car, and the top was pierced, but no one was hit.

Killed by Dynamite Explosion.

John Cardwell and John P. Lovelady were killed recently in an explosion caused by a faulty fuse while doing United States reclamation work near Malin, thirty miles south of Klamath Falls, Oregon.

The crew had been blasting on drainage canal work, and the charge went off while the two men were adjusting the fuse.

Cardwell lived two hours and Lovelady four. Cardwell was thirty-two years old, was married, and lived with his wife near the scene of the accident. He has relatives at Myrtle Point, Oregon, and his remains have been shipped there for interment.

Lovelady was thirty-three and unmarried. His parents live at Hildebrand Section, forty miles east of Klamath Falls.

Engineer Willard Smith, working near by, ran to the men on hearing their cries, and nearly lost his life when the remaining two shots went off.

"Electrical Wizard" Held for Trial.

Word received by Deputy District Attorney Thomas Farrell indicates that Roy Thompson, the Elk Grove, California, lad who posed as an electrical wizard and claimed to be able to conduct electricity from the heavens, has been enjoying a meteoric career. He was held to answer at Placerville on the charge of passing worthless checks, but there is also a charge against him in Sacramento of selling an automobile to Ralph L. Bird in which he merely had a small equity.

The district attorney of El Dorado County states that Thompson's trouble there is due to a whirlwind deluge he took into the social life. Thompson entertained lavishly at various resorts about Lake Tahoe, and he and his friends boated and dined to their hearts' content.

These bills were paid for by checks drawn by Thompson and which are declared to have been worthless. The El Dorado County officials also claim that Salt Lake authorities want Thompson on the charge of passing a worthless check for eighteen hundred dollars.

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